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THE FORTNIGHTLY

JUNE, 1948

THE VOICE OF EUROPE

BY SIR HAROLD BUTLER

FOR the first time since the middle ages Europe has begun to find its voice. The Congress, which met at the Hague in a charming setting of homeliness and hospitality such as only the Dutch can provide, was a unique gathering. There were men and women from every country of the continent on either side of the iron curtain, of all shades of political opinion short of Communism, of all branches of the Christian church. But they did not meet each other as politicians and economists, trade-unionists and capitalists, Catholics and Protestants, poets, professors and philosophers. They met as Europeans to discover whether there was a European faith transcending all the differences of nationality, language, creed, party and material interest, which divided them. Because they came not as representatives but as private citizens, they constituted a more truly representative assembly than could have been convened on any narrower or more closely defined franchise. They spoke with a freedom which no mandated delegate can command. They presented a broader cross-section of European life than could have been reflected in any more organized and disciplined conclave.

It has been my lot to attend innumerable international conferences of all kinds. I never saw a conference quite so distinctive as this. At first it seemed that such a heterogeneous assembly must be so anarchical as to be incapable of reaching any positive result. Its procedure was regulated by no detailed code of standing orders. Anyone could speak on any subject under discussion. There was an endless flow of speeches, translations and amendments, but every speaker, however prolix or obscure, was always listened to with courtesy and frequently with attention. In spite of the keenness, which kept committees going with a full house into the small hours of the morning, the clashes of opinion never exceeded manageable parliamentary bounds. The debates were in themselves an impressive demonstration of the free play of democracy, which all the delegates instinctively shared, a concrete illustration of the political tradition which is common to all true Europeans. As it turned out, it furnished striking confirmation of the practical utility of the democratic method. For out of all the differences and diversities, which lend so much life and colour to any typically European gathering, coherent and clear-cut decisions gradually emerged from all the welter of words and motions. An overriding sense of common purpose smoothed out the

antagonisms, and in the end brought the Congress to a degree of unanimity which in retrospect seemed hardly credible. Built up in four days under tremendous pressure, the final resolutions were not always models of parliamentary draftsmanship, but what mattered was not so much the word as the spirit. Whatever their technical defects, there could be no doubt of their purport. They denoted a solid faith in the future of Europe and a clear perception of the means to ensure it. To my mind their importance lies, not so much in the specific proposals which they contain, as in the evidence which they afford of the rebirth of the European spirit.

The programme of the Congress was set forth by Mr. Churchill in one of his greatest and most statesmanlike speeches. It immediately lifted the delegates up to a high plane of endeavour, sweeping away the hatreds of the past, rising above the quarrels of parties, calling imperatively for unity as the only salvation of Europe. Mr. Leslie Hale found the right word for it, "magnanimous", the utterance of a man of broad vision and deep human understanding. Without any allusion to them, that speech brushed aside the squabbles and suspicions which had preceded the Congress as unworthy of its notice at a moment when Europe was summoned to the supreme task of reviving "its genius and its honour, which by our quarrels, our follies, by our fearful wars and the cruel and awful deeds that spring from war and tyrants we have almost cast away." For this nothing less than the unity of all Europe would suffice, not a western bloc marshalled in opposition to the east, but a European union standing as one of the regional pillars of the United Nations alongside the Soviet Union and the western hemisphere. The European community would by its very nature include any country "where the people own the government and not the government the people," where the charter of human rights is honestly respected. But there could be no European community which was politically unorganized, no economic integration or common system of defence, which was not "accompanied step by step by a parallel policy of closer political unity." All the nations of Europe must sacrifice some part of their individualism in order to assume "that larger sovereignty which can alone protect their diverse and distinctive customs and characteristics and their national traditions, all of which under totalitarian systems, whether Nazi, Fascist or Communist, would inevitably be blotted out."

That was the lofty aim which Mr. Churchill set before the Congress at the outset, the vision of a new Europe no longer at war within itself, no longer dominated by fear, but capable of securing peace and prosperity to all its peoples, once more taking a leading place in expanding the knowledge and increasing the moral stature of mankind. In a time of disillusion and moral disarray it is good that such things should be said with all the force and eloquence which Mr. Churchill can command. He spoke not in his secondary rôle of party leader, but as one of the few great

men of our age. Without his inspiration the Congress could not have struck the higher path. He alone perhaps can guide the European movement among the inevitable pitfalls that will beset its early endeavours. If only he were free to do that to the exclusion of all other preoccupations !

What then can the Congress be said to have accomplished in the direction of European unity ? Did it in fact make any positive progress towards that difficult goal ? As I see it, it has two definite achievements to its credit, whose importance is very great. Exactly three years after the last shot was fired, it marked the end of the war, the beginning of reconciliation in Europe. There can be no European peace until Germany becomes a member of European society, nor any European recovery until German productivity is restored. Those are facts from which there is no escape, but which most Europeans with the horrors of war and occupation fresh in the minds found it hard to face. Mr. Churchill's gesture in welcoming the German delegation made a profound impression alike upon the Germans themselves and upon the many others present who had suffered cruelly at German hands. No one else could have done it with the same effect. His words drew spontaneous applause and left the Germans gasping. A new spirit was generated. One heard a German delegate declare that no country had more need of the European spirit than Germany which had learnt the value of freedom by bitter experience during "its aberration into totalitarianism and dictatorship." On their side, the former enemies of Germany forebore to propound an immediate answer to the riddle of the Ruhr, while the Congress declared that the only solution of the political and economic problems of Germany was its integration in a European union. To one who had witnessed the long drawn out struggle between the Allies and Germany after the first war, this was indeed a new approach. In those days there was no gesture which might have given strength and hope to the hesitant forces of German democracy, no offer of an alternative road to the recovery of Germany's self-respect which might divert German thought away from aggressive nationalism, no trace of German condemnation of the evils wrought by its leaders. It would of course be foolish to suppose that the solution of the German problem is in sight, or that Europe can or will dispense with the precautions necessary to prevent any resurgence of German military power. But a first step has been taken to create the atmosphere, in which a real peace in Europe might be nurtured. Peace is much more a matter of psychology than of treaties. That is why the attitude of the Congress of Europe to Germany may prove to be a turning point.

The second achievement of the Congress was the reaffirmation of the faith, upon which European civilization has been built. It was not just an abstract declaration in favour of the rights of man, but a passionate assertion that without liberty of thought and speech, without free assembly and the right of political opposition, life in Europe would not be worth living. On that issue there was no shadow of dispute. Everyone realized

that the foundation of European unity was not material but spiritual, a common sense of ultimate values transcending all national, ideological and religious differences. No doubt that is the inner conviction which the vast majority of Europeans have always held, but it had never been explicitly stated as a collective creed. There had never been a collective answer to the communist propaganda such as the Congress of Europe has now given. Whether the proposed cultural centre will materialize and whether it will become an effective expression of the European ideal, remains to be seen. In any event this resounding declaration of common faith, to be embodied in a European Charter of Human Rights, will have far-reaching effects. It will not only strengthen the ties which are drawing western Europe together but, as a Polish delegate said, its echoes will revive the courage of those who are waiting and hoping behind the iron curtain. The heated denunciation of the Congress by the Moscow radio is the best testimony to its success. From a half-hearted, bewildered defence the spiritual forces, which radiating from Europe have carried the standard of liberal ideas and Christian ethics throughout the world, have once more passed over to the offensive.

Those then were the two capital achievements of the conference—the beginning of European reconciliation and the assertion of a common European faith. In comparison its discussion of the means towards political and economic unity was secondary, because no unity can be evolved until there is a general will to peace and an underlying consciousness of common purpose. Naturally enough there were sharp differences of opinion both in the political and economic fields, which might easily have split the Congress. Had it not been held together by an overwhelming sense of agreement as to ends, it might have been fatally divided as to means. Unused to the vehemence of expression in which the Latin temperament indulges, some of the journalists revelled in a pessimism which the real situation hardly warranted. On the political side the federalists constitute a ginger group ardently advocating the immediate federation of Europe as the only cure for its ills, regardless of the great mass of opinion, which does not share their view and is not likely to share it without a long process of education. Though they acted as a useful goad, their vocal activity over-represented the real strength of the forces behind them. Nevertheless it was recognized that political and economic action in order to integrate and develop the common resources of Europe could not succeed without some merging of sovereignty. In one sense this is a platitude. Every treaty connotes some limitation of the rights of nations to do as they like, some diminution of “national sovereignty”. The question is how fast and how far the nations of Europe are prepared to limit their liberty of action in order to reap the advantages of a united front. The Marshall countries and the Brussels countries are already advancing along that path, but to force the pace might easily ruin the whole enterprise. The federalists are apt to portray sovereignty as a great

bogey, one and indivisible, which must be laid before any progress towards unity is possible. In point of fact it is not an absolute but a relative, something which can be shed piecemeal and by degrees. If it is so treated on practical political lines, it becomes a manageable problem. If it is treated on metaphysical lines, it will prove insoluble. As a test of the extent to which the peoples of Europe are ready to go at this moment, a European assembly chosen by their national Parliaments was proposed. It would have no legislative powers, but would be called upon "to stimulate and give expression to European public opinion" and to consider "practical measures designed progressively to bring about the necessary economic and political union of Europe." As the next step forward that is a practicable proposal. The united parliamentary voice of Europe would have immense power in the world quite apart from any projects for the future which it might devise. It might not succeed in framing any comprehensive plan, but it would have great educational value both as to the need and the difficulty of European union. It is an experiment to be tried.

On the economic side the conviction that "Europe must unite if it is to regain its former prosperity and to reassert its economic independence" was universal. Running through the debate was an acute awareness of what Europe had already lost before the last war in economic strength and social advancement as compared with the United States. Now with the disastrous impoverishment produced by that war added to the weakness arising from the "compartmentation" of European economy, there was clearly no way of restoring and improving its standard of living or of enabling Europe to stand on its own economic feet except by developing its industrial and natural resources on continental lines. This may be a hard saying, but none of the many economists, business-men or trade-union leaders, who took part in the discussion, contested it for a moment. They were entirely agreed upon ends, nor did they differ as to the means which ought to be immediately adopted as a first instalment. None of their proposals as to trade, currency, production or labour is either unnecessary or impracticable. The only serious difference arose on the social side, where the socialists successfully pressed for the association of labour with the agencies entrusted with the development of the new European economy. But in any case the general sense of the Congress was clearly progressive. Though as Mr. Bob Edwards and others recognized, the new Europe would not and could not be an exclusively socialist Europe, it was only possible on the basis of progressively establishing "a democratic social system," aiming at full employment, economic security and independence for the individual and a better life for the whole European community. There was perhaps more unreserved agreement on the economic and social than on the political resolutions, and again some of the press-reports gave a false perspective of the debates by stressing the small area of initial discord rather than the large area of

complete agreement. When one thinks of the violence of domestic controversies on economic affairs here and in France and in Italy, it is not a little surprising that such far-reaching unanimity should have been possible both as to ends and means. Perhaps this implies that we are on the way to evolving a pattern of social democracy distinct both from the American and the Russian systems. Perhaps it implies that the solution of these family quarrels can only be found in the larger framework of a European economy.

No one denies that there are great obstacles to be surmounted before any sort of economic union can be achieved—not least among them the political obstacles—but can anyone really maintain that the prestige, prosperity and security of Europe can be re-established by any other method? If there is such a method, it should be proclaimed from every housetop, but at present opposition to European unity takes the form of a blank negative, an apathetic acceptance of inevitable doom. That spirit of fatalism began creeping across the continent after the first war. It became an obsession after the second. It prepared itself for a capitulation to Communism, just as the citizens of Rome in its decadence resigned themselves to helpless submission to their barbarian conquerors. Whatever its shortcomings, the Congress of Europe marks a sturdy reaction against that spineless attitude. It has shown the way to purge the continent of its interminable feuds and civil wars, to restore its economic independence and to attain its social aspirations, to breathe fresh life into its ideals and so to recover its self-respect and renown in the world.

BOGOTA, 1948

BY WILLIAM C. ATKINSON

IT was in Colombia, of whose territory Panama then formed a part, that the first conference of New World States was convened by Bolívar in 1826, and the tendency was natural, at the Ninth Pan-American Conference held in Bogotá in April 1948, to cast a backward look and take stock of the ground covered in the intervening century and a quarter. For the first half of that period the ideal was not Pan-Americanism, nor even Latin-Americanism (Brazil, till 1889 a monarchy with an economy based on slave-labour, was one apart from the family of new Spanish-speaking Republics), but Spanish-Americanism, with one over-riding objective, solidarity against the United States.

The first stirrings of Pan-Americanism derived in fact from the inability of the Spanish-American States to live at peace one with another; and the initiative came precisely from the United States which in 1881, shocked by the "War of the Pacific", convened a conference in Washington "to seek a way of permanently averting the horrors of cruel and bloody combat between countries oftenmost of one blood and speech, or the even worse calamity of civil strife." That conference never took place. The horrors of bloody combat were to be familiar to Latin America for another sixty years, while the "worse calamity" is not yet exorcised.

The Pan-American idea had none the less been born, and a decade later, in 1889-1890, the First Conference did meet, in Washington, attended by eighteen nations, with trade questions, including a proposal for a customs union, overshadowing now on the agenda paper such political topics as arbitration and international law. The 1890's had seen a vital change in the interpretation of Monroe. United States' territorial expansion was complete. Her present needs were first, military security consonant with her prestige as a great power, and secondly, foreign markets for her rapidly expanding industry. The former was to lead to the building of the Panama Canal (with the detaching of Panama from Colombia), to the virtual reduction of the Central-American Republics to colonial status, and to the conversion of the Caribbean into a United States' lake. The latter launched the new "dollar diplomacy", its tentacles reaching everywhere through Latin America. "United States' diplomacy," President Taft was to admit later, "might well include active intervention to secure for our merchandise and our capitalists the opportunity for profitable investment." And trade required stable conditions. Hence the famous

"Roosevelt Corollary" (1904) to Monroe: "Chronic disorder anywhere calls for the intervention of civilized States; in the West the Monroe Doctrine may force the United States, however reluctantly, to the exercise of an international police power." The most positive result of that notable first meeting was the creation at Washington of what was known from 1910 as the Pan-American Union.

There followed three more general conferences before the 1914-1918 war: Mexico (1901-1902), Rio (1906), Buenos Aires (1910). The last-named, passing in review the action taken by individual States to implement earlier agreements and recommendations, found the result so negative that many were inclined to pronounce Pan-Americanism a failure. Brazil, raising the desirability of a general underwriting of Monroe by all member-States, revealed another besetting weakness of the nascent system: the violent susceptibilities aroused by any suggestion, however oblique, of the infringement of national sovereignty. Much water was to flow under the bridges before the Fifth Conference met at Santiago in 1923. The war over, the United States, having insisted on writing Monroe into the League Covenant, then refused to join the League, and Latin America became genuinely alarmed. It looked now to the League as a counterpoise to the United States, and came to Santiago with all its old suspicions intact. The Sixth Conference (Havana, 1928) threatened for a moment the final collapse of Pan-Americanism.

The year 1928 marked in fact the end of a period. The United States had seen the red light. The Roosevelt Corollary she now specifically repudiated, and Monroe reverted to its original function of a bulwark of the United States against Europe, not against Latin America. It remained for Franklin Roosevelt at the Seventh Conference, held at Montevideo in 1933, to turn this negative withdrawal from an interventionist policy into a positive concern for friendship and co-operation. The "good neighbour" policy was born, to fructify at the Eighth Conference (Lima, 1938) in specific pledges of joint action in the face of any threat, from within or without, to the peace of the hemisphere. Monroe had at last been given a basis of all-American support, and the failure of the League of Nations and the storm-clouds gathering over Europe combined to breathe new life into the Pan-American ideal. The solidarity had come just in time. It was still a very relative solidarity. The acid test continued to be, not the nature of the conventions concluded at successive congresses, but the number of these subsequently ratified by individual Governments; and Argentina, for example, as late as 1943 had only ratified six out of ninety agreements concluded since 1890. The real achievement lay rather in the gradual creation of a climate of opinion in favour of the pooling of problems, in the deepening of the sense of common interests and eventually of common responsibilities. And alongside these eight general conferences more than two hundred congresses had been held on specific, generally technical, questions: commerce,

communications, hygiene, education and many more.

The 1939-1945 war, if it again interrupted the normal sequence of general conferences, brought into play instead the emergency consultative machinery devised at Lima, in the series of meetings of Foreign Ministers that followed on the heels of every major development in the conflict. The first met at Panama in September 1939, after the outbreak of hostilities; the second at Havana in July 1940, after the fall of France; the third at Rio in January 1942, after Pearl Harbour. The fourth, held at Mexico in January 1945, on "Problems of War and Peace", looked beyond the war to the establishment of a new and permanent common front against aggression, the specific commitments involved being the theme of the fifth, that met in Rio in August 1947, on "Hemisphere Defence". The Rio meeting, coming two years after the end of the war, showed many of the Latin-American States impatient to get down to the problems of peace. The threat to political security had vanished, for the time being; their economic security, ill-adapted to the strains as to the aftermath of world war, was now the nightmare. The United States was firm, however, in keeping the Foreign Ministers to their agenda, and President Truman perhaps a trifle unkind in replying to the query whether Washington had no Marshall Plan for Latin America with the remark that just such a plan had been in existence for over a hundred years, its name Monroe.

The theme uppermost in Latin-American minds was thus not dollar diplomacy, but dollar-starvation, when the twenty-one nations at last re-assembled, in the Ninth of the regular series of Pan-American Conferences, at Bogotá in April 1948, with anxieties rendered more acute by the vast financial commitments just undertaken by the United States for the economic rehabilitation of Europe. United States' resources were presumably not bottomless. Here would be found the touchstone of United States' professions in the matter of hemisphere solidarity. It is a fatality of the Pan-American cause that there should still be no escaping this pitting of the twenty against the one. In time of war the one leans heavily on the twenty; in time of peace the twenty lean no less heavily upon the one. Only large-scale industrialization throughout Latin America can change that dependence; and only large-scale United States' help can effect that industrialization. One only among the twenty Latin States at Bogotá wanted nothing, in only one economic garden, it seemed, was everything lovely; and Santo Domingo, unfortunately, important as she is, scarcely weighs enough to change the general picture.

This was not, needless to say, the only or even the first item down for discussion. The full agenda had been planned to occupy six weeks, and the Secretary of State announced his intention of seeing it through. Some delegations complained that there was matter in it for three months. In the result the time-table went awry. Revolution, it has been said, is the occupational disease of Pan-American conferences, but never before had the explosion gone off, as it were, under the very seats of the delegates.

Four days were lost after the outbreak of April 9 before the Conference could resume, after great difficulties, whence it was able to move back to the Capitol ten days later. By then, much of the agenda had been written off to a later occasion, especially—to the chagrin of the Latin-Americans—all major economic questions; within a week the Secretary of State had left for Washington and the Conference began to pack up. Its effective life had been reduced, by coincidence or design, to little over three weeks. In achievement, therefore, it may be accounted much less fruitful than the occasion called for. But much of importance took place none the less, and a clear picture emerged of present problems and tensions, of certain trends of development of high significance, and once more of the difficulties inherent in the attempt to mobilize for common purposes the good will, energy and resources not merely of a continent but of a hemisphere. One detail may suffice to correct the tendency in Europe to over-simplify those problems: the official languages of the Conference were four; Spanish, English, Portuguese and French (Haiti).

The chief political item on the agenda went straight to one root of past weakness, the very loose nature of the system itself as such. The term Pan-American Union has always suggested more than was warranted. In fact this has merely been the permanent secretariat in Washington of an entirely voluntary association of nations that had no written constitution and few of whose organs rested on formal convention. It has undertaken the preliminary spadework for conferences, prepared the agenda, served thereafter as a depository for archives and instruments of ratification and set in motion the machinery for giving effect to decisions taken. This apart, it is an active research and information centre on all matters affecting inter-American relations. But it has no real powers. Only when a Pan-American Conference was in session could the nations of the Americas be said to be acting as a union, and—paradoxically but inevitably—such conferences have tended to serve even more as platforms for the airing of grievances and the voicing of disunion. At Mexico in 1945 the Foreign Ministers took stock of the situation, and after their resolution on mutual assistance and hemisphere solidarity they put next in importance a resolution concerning “the reorganization, consolidation and strengthening of the inter-American system” as their contribution to the chief problem of peace.

The implementing of this resolution was remitted to Bogotá, and here the Conference did achieve its objective with the institution of a formal “Organization of American States”—for reasons already mentioned it could not, unfortunately, be styled “Organization of the United States of America”—with a Charter enshrining the juridical principles on which it is based, its nature and ends (peaceful solution of problems, collective security), the rights and responsibilities of member-States, and the constitutional bases of the organs through which it will work. The measure of initiative and political power that it was proposed should be vested in the

Governing Council was considerably shorn in debate, leaving the quinquennial Pan-American Conferences as the legislative organ of the new system, and the *ad hoc* meetings of Foreign Ministers as the executive. The first Secretary-General of OAS is to be D. Alberto Lleras Camargo, ex-President of Colombia and since 1946 Director-General of the Pan-American Union, with Mr. William Manger of the United States, his Deputy-Director in the Union, as Assistant Secretary-General. Much of the debate on the Charter hinged once more on questions of sovereignty. Limitations of national sovereignty, as Ecuador pointed out, generally work out to the detriment of small nations, leaving the larger unscathed: hence a solicitude that procedure under the Charter should not impair in any way the provisions of her own Constitution for the independent invocation, at need, of the help of other Spanish-American countries.

Another and weightier solicitude concerned the relations of the Organization with the United Nations. Here everything had changed since 1918. Not merely was the United States in the United Nations: the United Nations was permanently established on United States' soil. And while Monroe did not figure in the Charter of UN, this did "respect regional arrangements for the maintenance of peace." Herein lay the hope, in Chile's words, of "excluding the possibility that American affairs might fall within the orbit of action of extra-continental organisms based on juridical norms alien to those of our system." The Act of Chapultepec, signed just before the elaboration at San Francisco of the UN Charter, had definitely envisaged sanctions for the keeping of peace in the Americas, and the Rio Treaty on Hemisphere Defence made the relevant obligations explicit. Rio, however, also incorporated into its text adherence to the UN Charter and the acceptance by member-States of the commitments involved, while laying it down that parties to any inter-American dispute would seek a settlement through their regional organization before referring it to UN.

The necessary co-ordination in the new OAS Charter of commitments undertaken at Mexico, San Francisco and Rio brought to light one anomaly. The UN Charter lays it down that the invocation of "regional arrangements for enforcement action" must first be authorized by the Security Council. Should OAS propose therefore to apply sanctions against one of its number in enforced settlement of a dispute, any permanent member of the Security Council (for example, Russia) could veto such action. Should the Security Council, left with the responsibility, when itself propose enforcement action, any one of its permanent members (for example, the United States) could again impose its veto. The resolving of that dilemma is, however, for UN, not for OAS, whose complete liberty of action is nowhere else infringed. Bogotá was anxious further that the economic, social, juridical and cultural activities of the specialized agencies of OAS should work in closest harmony with similar organs of UN, though never to the point of sinking their Pan-American

identity and autonomy to the status merely of regional instruments of the world body. The desire to be not only good Americans but good world citizens had already been shown in the invitation to Mr. Trigue Lie which he was unfortunately unable to accept, to attend the Conference, and he had already attended that at Rio in 1947. The Rio Treaty, it was recalled, was the first regional pact for the maintenance of peace to be concluded within the framework of the San Francisco Charter.

The efficacy of the new Organization and its Charter has yet to be tested, but if the obligations now undertaken are faithfully carried out, the day of territorial change by violence in Latin America would appear to be over. That is not to say that present frontiers rank henceforth with the laws of Medes and Persians. Colombia, host to the Conference in her backward-glancing speech of welcome dwelt meaningfully on Bolívar's project, more modest than his dream of a Spanish-American Union, of the union of Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador in a single State, Greater Colombia, corresponding to the colonial Viceroyalty of New Granada. That project, realized for a moment, straightway crumbled; whence a large part of the disillusion that caused him to refer bitterly on his deathbed to having "ploughed the sea". But the ideal never wholly perished. The Great-Colombian Merchant Fleet launched by the three Governments in 1946 was a modern echo, and nowhere in the proceedings at Bogotá was Bolívar's presence more in evidence than here. The motion in the name of El Salvador, warmly seconded by Guatemala and Ecuador, that membership of OAS, as it was open to every American nation, should equally be open to any new State resulting from the union of two or more existing member-States, was carried unanimously; and there are signs that, were such a Great Colombia to be reconstituted, Panama would enter too, so returning to the allegiance from which she was wrenched in 1903. A conference of these four powers was convened in Quito for May 1948 to discuss the formation of an economic block and customs union; the participation of Panama in the joint merchant fleet aforementioned would follow. A similar possibility present in many minds concerns the five Central-American States which, sprung from the disintegration of the United Provinces of Central America (1823-1838), formerly the Captaincy General of Guatemala, have been seeking a basis for federation now for close on thirty years. Brazil, whose divergent political history of emancipation from Portugal averted the disintegration into the seventeen independent nations that, on the Spanish-American model, might well have resulted from her colonial Captaincies, is a standing reminder of the strength that is unity.

What OAS cannot yet cope with is the "worse calamity", civil strife. Within the past two years there have been revolutions in Bolivia, Venezuela, Paraguay, Nicaragua, Ecuador, Costa Rica and Colombia, an average of one every three months. The phenomenon is disturbing alike to economic development, to professions of "democracy", to inter-

merican relations and to the prestige of OAS. Intervention, however disguised, would infer such a blow to the principle of respect for national sovereignty, still the tenderest nerve in the body politic throughout all Latin America, as to threaten once again the whole edifice of Pan-Americanism. Yet non-intervention, as President Truman said in Mexico in March 1947, cannot be indifference: "The lawlessness of one may threaten the very existence of the law on which all depend"; and he appealed for respect for democracy within each individual State. The good neighbour policy had left the United States only the political sanction of refusing to recognize régimes implanted by force, a rough-and-ready policy of the inadequacies of which the recent disturbances in Costa Rica were eloquent testimony. The question of the recognition of *de facto* governments was therefore also on the Bogotá agenda, again as a remit from Mexico and Rio. At Bogotá it was once more remitted, this time to a juridical committee charged to report to the next Pan-American Conference, to be held in Caracas in 1953, leaving as only immediate achievement the formal re-affirmation of the two existing principles that recognition may not be used as a means of extorting unjust advantages and that the maintenance of diplomatic relations implies no judgment on the internal affairs of the régime in question, with the platitude that continuity of diplomatic relations between American States is to be desired.

The problem is unquestionably one of the thorniest, if only because in Latin America a *de facto* régime may not only claim, as dictatorships invariably do, to represent the will of the people, but may in fact represent it. And between peoples so closely related the border-line dividing the internal from the external is often tenuous. Commenting on the proposal, in a draft "American Declaration of Individual Rights and Duties" (not to be included, it was decided, in the Charter nor to be the subject of a special treaty, and so merely pious in intention), that no foreigner should intervene in internal political affairs, Uruguay pointed out that the observation of such a precept a century and a quarter ago would have precluded such men as Bolívar, San Martín and Garibaldi from playing their part in the emancipation of the continent. And non-recognition may easily prove more inconvenient than effective. Thus the United States, which has not recognized the present régime in Nicaragua, could only protest unofficially to the latter against the alleged presence, while the Conference was actually meeting, of Nicaraguan forces on Costa Rican territory. The incident was well ventilated at Bogotá, and before a committee of inquiry was finally appointed there emerged such differences of view concerning procedure and competence, in a matter apparently so straightforward, as to suggest that the drafting experts and the jurists have still much to do before the new Charter may be said to be water-tight. Typical of drafting difficulties was a twenty-five minute debate over whether, in the declaration "The American States condemn all wars of aggression: victory confers no rights," the colon should not be a full stop. To

Colombia the colon opened the door to "dangerous interpretations"; to the United States its retention was vital. The full stop finally won the day, after Argentina had voted diplomatically in favour of both.

The debate on *de facto* régimes did at least provide an opening for discussion of the dangers of foreign subversive activity, on which several members, notably the United States, felt strongly even before the Bogota uprising; and a vigorous anti-Communist declaration was duly drafted and signed, recognizing that "the world situation demands urgent measures to ensure that agents in the service of international Communism or of any other form of totalitarianism shall not stultify the genuine will of the peoples of the Western hemisphere." There was no need to mention Russia by name. Another and more subtle form of subversion was the economic. "Cuba fears economic aggression more than armed attack," said the Cuban delegation, which had already raised the issue at Rio; and a motion was approved to the effect that: "No State shall apply or encourage coercive measures of an economic or political nature to the end of exercising compulsion on the sovereign will of another State and of obtaining therefrom advantages of any kind." Argentina, while supporting the resolution, hinted at the difficulties of interpretation that are bound to arise here too by expressing the hope that States would not go tobogganing down the slope of economic susceptibility, qualifying as coercive measures taken in legitimate defence of a nation's economy. Cuba exulted none the less at seeing now closed "the only breach in the juridical curtain of non-intervention in the Americas."

The desire to round off another cycle in the American story lay behind the discussion on colonies. The precedents in the matter, insofar as it is one of continental concern, are few and simple. The Monroe Declaration undertook not to interfere with existing European colonies (although this did not suffice to confirm Spain in the possession of Cuba and Puerto Rico after the events of 1898). "No American territory," said President Grant in 1870, at the time of the Franco-Prussian War, "shall pass from one European power to another." The contingency then envisaged did not in fact arise until the fall of France in 1940, whereupon the Havana Conference of Foreign Ministers added the logical corollary by approving plans for collective trusteeship for any colonies so orphaned. That Conference also, however, asserted—or re-asserted—"the right of *all* American territories to self-determination," and the collective concern of the twenty-one nations at Bogotá was to find a way of translating that "right" into reality. In the absence of the other interested parties—the powers at present responsible for such colonies and the inhabitants of the colonies themselves—what might have been an interesting legal discussion of the nature of the "right" became a matter rather of rhetorical assertion. "Every country in the New World is morally bound to fight for the ending of the colonial cycle in America, both as an ideological duty and as a measure of defence against extra-continental imperialisms."

Nor did it appear that the States most immediately interested were fully alive to the discrepancy between their demands and the fulfilment of the said right. For it is apparent that the colonial populations in question, in the exercise of self-determination, might well opt for a continuance of the *status quo*. Even if they opted, in the sense tacitly assumed at Bogotá, for the liquidation of the colonial system, it is conceivable that they might still prefer independence to absorption into the nearest State, and it is not inconceivable that the machinery of OAS might eventually be called into play to protect them against the machinations of the very States that insisted on putting this question on the agenda. Argentina sought indeed to safeguard her position by claiming that the Falkland Islands question was one not of colonies but of unlawful occupation. The United States properly demurred against any suggestion of unilateral action, and, after Colombia had drawn attention to the charge laid on colonial powers by the UN Charter to help colonial peoples forward on the road to self-government, this matter too was passed to a sub-committee, styled "American Commission for Dependent Territories," for further study and report. The resolution meanwhile adopted, declaring opposition in principle to the retention of European colonies in the Americas, in effect disallowed the jurisdiction of the Conference in the matter and carried an implicit recommendation to the States concerned to engage in direct negotiation with the European power or powers affected. And that went for the Antarctic too.

But the burning question at Bogotá was not the OAS Charter, nor *de facto* régimes, nor colonies: it was quite simply economic aid. And never was it less possible to isolate the economic from the political. Rio had already laid it down that: "Economic security will always be the surest guarantee of the political security of the American peoples," and it was made abundantly clear now that it was idle to denounce Communism so long as social conditions provided an ideal breeding-ground for the virus. The United States had come to Bogotá with the understanding that economic questions would only be dealt with in general terms—as, for example, in the drafting, duly achieved, of a "Pact of Economic Assistance." After the interruption and subsequent abbreviation of the conference this became inevitable, and the solution of specific problems, among them the demand, led by Argentina, Colombia and Peru, for the creation of an Inter-American Bank, was formally relegated to a special Economic Conference to be held in Buenos Aires in September 1948. There an inventory will be drawn up, on the one hand, of Latin-American needs in terms of agricultural and industrial machinery, manufactured goods and raw materials for processing and, on the other, of exportable surpluses available in furtherance of the Marshall Plan for Europe.

But the United States was left in no doubt meantime that economic problems were become, to the Latin-American States, the touchstone of the whole Pan-American system. Mexico, in what was perhaps the most

moving utterance made at the Conference, spoke frankly of present doubts and difficulties, the method of confronting which would either strengthen their high principles or pronounce them unfitted, as nations, to uphold them. Pan-Americanism in the past had been subject to strange fluctuations waxing strong when the world was torn by war and waning with the return of peace and optimism. The principle of equality between States was undermined in practice by the inequality of their resources, and the abyss which separated some American States from others in this respect seemed to deepen every day. The poorer countries did not want help only *in extremis*, when the enemy was at the gate : they wanted help to live. If Pan-Americanism was to be a reality, every American nation must accept as its duty the rendering to others of all possible help in matters of economic and technical assistance, monetary stability and long-term credit. Latin America was not lacking in sympathy with nations that had suffered the martyrdom of war ; it wished to see set alongside such the sufferings of peoples that for decades had been the martyrs of peace. Inanition and destitution in the ravaged countries of Europe were strictly comparable with the plight of many of their own Indian populations. The present economic disarticulation of the interests of nations always so ready to sing aloud their unity amounted in effect to a constant unheeding aggression against the weaker. The Latin-American countries, as Colombia phrased it, have now exhausted the first stage of their economic existence, as scrapers of the soil and producers of raw materials for export ; but they must have help before they can enter upon the second.

Against this, the explanation by the United States of the European Recovery Plan, as having first claim on United States' resources and as ultimately beneficial to Latin America too, and the exposition of the part Latin America was expected to play in it, were received without enthusiasm, and even the announcement that a further \$500m. had been placed at the disposal of the Export-Import Bank for loans to Latin America evoked never a cheer. The Washington view is that large-scale development, as in tin, oil and rubber, is a field rather for commercial investment. Such investors will demand ample security against risks and contingencies of which the Bogotá revolt was itself a vivid reminder ; and one important clause in the final agreement on inter-American economic co-operation did establish guarantees of adequate compensation in the event of expropriation. Whether that will be sufficient in itself to re-start the flow of private capital from the United States remains to be seen. If it is not, and if Washington does not prove more forthcoming on the official level at Buenos Aires in September 1948, Mr. Sumner Welles' gloomy prognostication that : " The inter-American system is in real danger of collapse not from Communist intrigue but chiefly from recent United States policy," may not be far off the mark.

RECONSTRUCTION IN JAPAN

BY O. M. GREEN

RECONSTRUCTION in Japan necessarily involves two questions, what the Japanese are doing for themselves and what the Allies will ultimately do for them; it must regretfully be said that the present complete uncertainty on the second point is telling injuriously on the first.

In many respects Japan has made a better recovery than other vanquished nations. The mental paralysis caused by defeat has long worn off. Rebuilding of ruined cities is being pushed on; Hiroshima, in particular, appears to have surmounted the wreckage of the atomic bomb with extraordinary vitality. Though the centre of the great manufacturing cities Osaka and Nagoya was blotted out, many mills and factories in the suburbs were undamaged. Rice production this year is expected to reach the full 4,583,000 tons fixed by General MacArthur, thus ensuring a regular daily ration of $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of rice (in Singapore it is hardly half that). It was a great advantage that the Government administration remained intact, thus giving General MacArthur the necessary machinery to work through, as also that there was only one power, America, to give orders. In General MacArthur himself, Japan has found a fairy godmother: if his eagerness to remould Japanese life on the pattern of American democracy is open to criticism on grounds of sheer practicability, there can be nothing but admiration for his devotion in labouring to restore Japan's self-confidence and self-sufficiency, while American generosity is still pouring out hundreds of millions of dollars in Japan.

Yet, for all this, the Japanese are restless and unhappy. Industrially the sudden spurt in exports, of which such surprising reports were heard towards the end of 1946, was evidently due to the accumulated stocks of raw materials still in existence in Japan. The pace has not been maintained and the stark fact of the Japanese manufacturer's dependence on materials brought from abroad presents itself with unpleasant force. Coal production, which was pushed up in the war to 57,000,000 tons a year, has dropped to about 28,000,000; mining machinery and the general state of the mines are both reported in poor condition. This no doubt can be repaired, but there remains the perennial problem of where Japan is to obtain coking coal. Native iron-ore resources have been estimated as sufficient only for two years' normal consumption. According to a

recent report Japan has 174,000 tons of scrap from the breaking up of her navy and there are still 50,000 tons' weight of destroyers to be scrapped. Meanwhile steel is urgently needed for house-building, gas and water works, railways, maintenance and reconstruction of manufacturing machinery, ships and shipyards and articles for export.

The problem of Japan's irrepressible population becomes the more formidable now that there is no apparent outlet in her vanished overseas possessions. Since 1935 the population, swelled by the numbers of Japanese repatriated from abroad, has risen from sixty-nine to seventy-eight millions. By 1952 it is expected to reach over eighty-two millions. The Government has a five-years' plan to increase exports by that date to the value of U.S. \$1,000 millions; at present Japan's industrial production is only twenty-two per cent. of the average in 1940. But since Japan has lost her former invisible exports in shipping and foreign investments, she will still be faced with a heavy adverse balance of trade. According to some calculations her foreign debt by 1952 for food and raw materials will be not less than U.S. \$1,460 millions. One serious loss not generally realized is that of the right to fish in Russian waters, which not only cuts down a staple food supply but also Japan's former valuable export of tinned marine produce. Meanwhile inflation and rising prices tell heavily on the multitude. Officially the Yen, once worth \$2, is rated at sixty to the American dollar, but actually it stands at 300-400. Profiteering and the black market flourish scandalously.

Such are the main features of the economic position which aggravates and is aggravated by the political and social unrest. It is noticeable that while the destruction of the military machine, accomplished within four months of General MacArthur's landing in Japan, excited no popular reaction, social changes are strenuously resisted. More than a year ago General MacArthur was taking action to dissolve the *Zaibatsu* (the great family syndicates which controlled nearly three-quarters of Japanese industry, commerce and finance) which had supplied the militarists with the sinews of war. Last December the Katayama Government passed the Economic Decentralization Law, also aimed at the *Zaibatsu*. Yet it is still by no means clear that their power, though exercised behind the scenes, is really destroyed. While, on the one hand, they represent the accepted Japanese method of business (*Mitzui*, the most famous, is said to date from the sixteenth century), on the other, the lack of a Japanese middle class makes it difficult to see who will take over their multifarious affairs.

Again, for the benefit of the peasants, who number fifty-three per cent. of the population and notoriously its most heavily burdened, most neglected class, the big landed estates were to be broken up and the tenants to be assisted in buying them. In 1947 3,500,000 acres thus changed hands. But since the beginning of this year the landlords have contrived means of getting round the law and sales have slowed down.

These are illustrations of the struggle between old and new Japan which was so conspicuous in the downfall of the Katayama Government in February. Mr. Tetsu Katayama, who took office last May, was conspicuous as the first Christian Premier of Japan and the first to be elected by the Diet instead of being appointed by the Emperor. As his own party, the Social Democrats, numbered only 143 in the House of Representatives and the Opposition 135 (nominally Liberals but actually Conservatives) he had to form a Coalition Cabinet with the Democrats and in the main to pursue a policy of compromise which pleased nobody. He tried to enforce controls on food, finance, prices and wages, only to find his supporters falling away, some because he went too far, others because he did not go far enough. On February 11 he resigned office to Dr. Hitoshi Ashida, Foreign Minister in his Cabinet and President of the Democrats.

The fact that Mr. Katayama had not called upon Mr. Shigeru Yoshida, former Ambassador to Great Britain and leader of the Liberal Opposition, caused a prodigious uproar in the Japanese press which denounced "Ashida's political black marketing" and clamoured for a general election. So violent were the protests that General MacArthur was obliged to deliver a sharp lecture to the press, the burden of which was that Mr. Katayama's action had been perfectly constitutional and democratic; that the attempt by certain groups to force a particular candidate on the Diet was unpatriotic and un-Japanese; and that frequent elections were "one of the greatest plagues of parliamentary government." "When father says turn we all turn." The clamour died down. But the general instability of Japanese politics had been vividly illustrated. The apathy of the man in the street towards the Diet is reflected in the general comment on the Ashida Cabinet that it will be just the same thing as usual." For any release from the cost and inconveniences of life the public hope for little from above.

In marked contrast are the activities of the new trade unions. Frowned upon by police and soldiers alike trade unionism was stunted and anaemic before the war. General MacArthur has deliberately encouraged it, however, in order to familiarize the Japanese with democratic practice. There are now between 2,000 and 3,000 trade unions, divided broadly into two groups, the Japanese Federation of Labour, and the National Congress of Industrial Organizations. The former is anti-Communist, the latter pro-Communist. It is naturally this group which attracts most attention and excites most uncertainty for the future.

Although the Japanese Communists claim only 16,500 members (this may be an under-statement) their influence is out of proportion to their numbers. Their representation in the Diet is still tiny, only four in each of the two Houses. But their organization and tireless activity are the same as exhibited by Communism in all countries. They have no specific head, direction proceeding from a committee, but the driving spirit is

still the same fiery Tokuda, through whom the movement was started in Japan early in the 1920's, about the same time, curiously enough, as the Communist Party was born in China.

At one time the Japanese Communists were the only party who stood for the abolition of the Emperor, but they are reported to have dropped this demand owing to its general unpopularity. They are now particularly devoting themselves to the peasants, the most conservative class in Japan. "Do not buy land from the landlords or sell your rice to the Government," they preach. "The landlords will only take the land again, and the Government will swindle you." At the sixth national Communist Congress in December, plans were laid for a fresh campaign of attack on the social order. Regional strikes, one following quickly after another, have been launched in order to get round General MacArthur's prohibition against a general strike. Whether the Communists have any direct connection with Russia is not known. But Communist papers printed in Saghalien in Japanese flow into Japan and the Russian Mission Headquarters in Tokyo keep a well-stocked library of Communist literature easily accessible. The danger that Japan might ultimately take a violent turn either to the right or to the left, if post-war conditions became intolerable, has long been foreseen by those who know Japan best. In a nation so imbued with devotion to the Throne as the Japanese, a Communist State seems impossible. But it cannot be forgotten that totalitarian Government in Japan has been the rule rather than the exception; that the Emperor has habitually been the puppet of the actual rulers; and that there appears no inherent reason why a Communist junta might not use the Emperor as the Fujiwaras, the Tokugawas and the militarists of modern times have used him. This is not to suggest that such a paradox of government is within even measurable distance, certainly not while the Americans remain in control. But the energy of the Communists in stirring up trouble, while the peace treaty hangs fire and the Japanese chafe more and more under foreign control, is not to be ignored.

Only eight months ago it was confidently expected that peace would be signed this summer. The Canberra Conference had revealed a workable identity of aims between the Commonwealth powers and America. Russia's demand that the treaty should be drafted by the Big Four, thus enabling her to use her veto, instead of by the twelve combatants represented in the Far Eastern Commission at Washington, could and not impossibly would have been ignored: Russia was only in the war six days and has paid herself handsomely for marching her troops into Manchuria by plundering that country of £181,000,000 worth of machinery and seizing Southern Saghalien, the Kuriles, Dairen and Port Arthur. But China, fearful of Russia and apprehensive of American lenience towards Japan, has also plumped for the Big Four and the veto; and to draft terms for Japan without China is hardly thinkable.

Not only is nothing whatever being done to hasten the conclusion of

peace, but insidious differences begin to appear between the Allies as to the degree of freedom to export that should be granted to Japan. There is obviously only one answer to the fundamental issue—that the most virile, enterprising people in Asia forced back into the relatively narrow compass of the Japanese islands must be enabled to support themselves or become the pensioners of others. But American manufacturers have not the same acute recollection of the competition of Japanese cheap labour and mass production that British and other manufacturers have ; and the recent arrival in Japan of Mr. William Draper, U.S. Under-Secretary for the Army, with a party of experts to study how “to make Japan the workshop of the Far East,” has awakened anxious thoughts in Lancashire, Australia and New Zealand. These misgivings are not lessened by America’s ardent desire to build up Japan as a barrier against Russian Communism and it appears fairly clear that she will take her own line in doing so. Meanwhile the hopes founded on the re-opening of Japan to foreign merchants have not been released. Apart from the fact that dealings in the principal staples are still on a Government-to-Government basis all transactions are in effect under the control of the CAP. There is no foreign exchange rate, all business is done through U.S. dollars and the American authorities frequently quote rates that are wildly at variance with world prices. Other genuine grievances could be mentioned : for instance, the continued occupation by the U.S. Army of British-owned offices and godowns. The complaint is not that General MacArthur discriminates against foreign merchants but that he does not understand how much the freeing of trade could do to improve Japanese morale and allay discontent.

There remains the question : Are the Japanese ready for a peace treaty ? The answer is surely that they are over-ready. The Allies cannot play Providence for Japan indefinitely ; only she can work out her own salvation ; and it cannot be doubted that her present unrest is mainly due to her anxiety to take affairs into her own hands and to uncertainty as to when and how she will be allowed to do so. Her military strength and colonial empire have been so utterly smashed that fear of her starting out again on the rampage within any measurable length of time is fantastic ; and it ought not to be impossible to fix a scale of exports sufficient for her support without unfair competition with others.

Nobody, probably outside America, shares General MacArthur’s belief in the “spiritual revolution” of the Japanese. The conversion to American democratic practice in a couple of years of a people steeped for centuries in feudalism and submission to clan and family is too much to ask. Recently, too, one may see an unconscious revolt against the American teaching in a marked revival of Shintoism. Another symptom of the clinging to old institutions was the hundreds of thousands who flocked to the Emperor’s palace when a part of it was opened to the public last New Year’s day. All who could wore tail-coats ; deep bows

were made towards the Emperor's residence ; and the crowds who could not get in took off hats and coats and abased themselves before the gates. In proportion as Hirohito has shed his divinity and emphasized his humanity by many visits to bombed and distressed areas he has come closer to his people's hearts ; he may well prove the strongest influence in leading them in new ways. His New Year's poem addressed to the nation

Learn from the ever-green pine tree in a lonely garden in winter decay that does not change its colour,

struck a chord to which all will respond.

If, when left to themselves, the Japanese swing back to the institutions in which they feel most at home, it need not be feared that they will prove offensive to others. It may sound merely sentimental to dwell on the many elements of good in their complex nature : hitherto Japan and the West have largely shown each other their worst sides. But the Japanese faculty for summarily discarding one course of action which has failed for something different and for learning from others is a commonplace ; and while they themselves may not become democratic, they realize that the democratic peoples' friendship is worth having. A peaceful self-reliant Japan would provide an element of stability in the Far East that is sorely needed.

CRAMPING THE PRESS

BY W. L. ANDREWS

IF you force on newspapers a drastic reduction of their sizes you are bound to deprive readers of something vital to their understanding of public affairs. That has happened in Britain. To-day much that ought to enlighten the country goes unreported and undiscussed. Many people begin to know less, and care less, about such important subjects of community life as their local government. All this, in a hazy way, is common knowledge. We have grown used to it. The Government stonewall any request for more paper. They repeat that we cannot afford it. Readers hardly deplore any longer (unless their own speeches are woundingly ignored or savagely cut) that our newspapers, by order of the Government, have sacrificed two-thirds and in some instances four-fifths of their space.

What is that something vital taken from readers by the restrictions on newsprint? It is the abundance of information that a citizen needs to get an adequate understanding of all but the most dramatic crises in national and local government. Debates, whether in Parliament or in local councils, have the life and the competition of argument crushed out of them by the sub-editor. Men with agile minds and authoritative knowledge may explain, cut, thrust and clash for the better part of a day, and a newspaper be compelled to get the whole thing down to a quarter of a column. This means picking out the bare result and a few points by the main speakers. The substance has to be thrown aside.

A leader writer may want to comment on the debate and be limited to 500 words. What can he attempt in the way of exposition? How can he pierce indifference, sting the conscience, get minds marching into action? He cannot take his argument from one logical stage to another; he is bound to assert his conclusions with tub-thumping abruptness. That may comfort readers of his own way of thinking and annoy his opponents, but is unlikely to convert anyone. The paper fails on a perhaps important issue in two ways; it does not answer that greatest question of all for a politically mature people: "What are the facts?" nor does it get far with that invaluable process before decisive action, a process that ought to be the pride of thoughtful journalism, that of persuasion.

This complaint will strike some readers as excessive. They will say that we get on fairly well in spite of such small newspapers. True, the reader may not miss what he never sees; but the omissions from the press

weaken and mislead his judgment just the same. The worst effects have been concealed. A newspaper, though in some respects a public concern, is also a commercial enterprise, and does not want to advertise its shortcomings, even though free from blame; it would rather have readers think it is valiantly mastering all difficulties. The passage of time has dulled our memories of the full information we used to get from our favourite columns. Many people now grown to manhood and womanhood have never known what ample and adequate journalism is. Their knowledge of public issues in their own town or district is poorer than that of their predecessors for generations. Some young couples, unable to get the local paper because of the stop put on more sales, remain cut off from most of their neighbourhood activities. They do not know who the local mayor or council chairman is. They do not know who their public representatives are. Public spirit cannot thrive in this mental isolation.

Another reason for lack of a sharp awareness of what we are missing in the press is that the most influential readers, those who in London or in their local circles give a lead to opinion, come off best for newspapers. They subscribe to the larger and dearer dailies, and these, though they have had to cut down substantially, are not cramped as sorely as the penny ones. Our quality papers above a penny provide, not unfortunately the bountiful old array of news, pictures and comment, one of the wonders of the world, but something not hopelessly short of the generous measure the penny press once provided. Circulations of the larger as of all papers are severely limited. A minority of important readers, but only a minority, whose numbers are kept down by regulations to economize paper, can be fairly well informed about certain topics; but that is no remedy for the general shortage of some kinds of news and no index to the general and local information of millions of people.

The gradualness of newspaper size reductions has blurred for most of us the astonishing contrast between the pre-war press and to-day's. Of late I have had to refer several times to my collection of souvenir newspapers, now returned from cellar to attic with the journalist's usual trunk load of manuscripts of books he could never get published. It is no less than startling to see how ample and handsome our newspapers were. Here is *The Times* for September 9, 1938, with twenty-four pages, essentially the "Thunderer" we know to-day but with more of everything, printed more readably with plenty of large type and plenty of spacing. The cricket reports are in type as large as the leaders to-day. How is it that one thought of *The Times* as always sedate and even ponderous? There is a sunny and serenely aristocratic look about this old copy. "Thunderer" does not seem the right name at all for this companion with the pleasant, courteous voice.

I pick up a *Yorkshire Post* for Saturday, July 15, 1938. What elbow-room there is for good writing in its twenty-two pages, and how much to surprise the reader to-day!—for instance, a column of small type on

the state of the rivers, an angling magazine page and a magnificent half-page air picture of Old Whitby looking from its abbey-crowned cliffs on a festal, diamond-flashing sea.

Old copies of the *Sunday Times* and *Observer* strike one to-day as truly magnificent. A forty-page issue was taken in their stride. Here is an old *Observer* with St. John Ervine's column about the theatre, a feature of light comment by Observator, a Paris causerie by Philip Carr, a week-end page with motoring and gardening articles and a weekly competition. J. L. Garvin's main article spread itself elegantly over most of the leader page. Book reviews ran to six or even eight times what they are to-day. Sport had four times its present space.

A Falstaffian *Daily Telegraph* catches the eye. It ran to thirty-two pages, with rather more than half of it devoted to news. Such lavishness allowed a daily woman's page. Book reviews were three times their present space. One comes upon (it seems incredible) a whole page for music. There is a full picture page, and I remember there were sometimes two. How did we read these giant issues and the great special numbers here stored away? One looked at the pictures in the Coronation, Royal Wedding and Royal Funeral numbers, perhaps read a little of the orotund and majestic letterpress and then put such souvenirs away for the spare hour that never came.

Trained in the habits of such opulent and spacious journalism, what was an editor to do under the restrictions of the paper famine that grew as the war went on? The main remedies were omission, compression and "editionizing". The word "editionizing" seems to have gained a secure footing in journalistic technicalities but I prefer the old word "editioning", though to be sure it was used to mean editing and not the process meant here, the putting of different news in different editions. Compression took two forms. Not only were articles and news stories severely cut but type sizes were also reduced. White space was more sparingly used, margins were whittled down, and there were fewer and smaller headings. Sub-editing became much tighter; that is, sentences were squeezed of their verbiage, needless if ornamental phrases were blue-pencilled. The concluding sentence of a paragraph was often remodelled to save spending a line on perhaps a single word. But the readiest and favourite remedy of all for our dwindling space was editioning. This developed on a new scale. It became the habit of many provincial dailies to print several local editions, perhaps five or six, each going to a separate town and district and containing the news of that town and district but omitting the news of neighbouring districts, and even of the head-office town, unless such news was of striking importance. This system was adopted not only by provincial daily papers but also by many provincial weeklies. Under it the reader suffered in two ways from the cramping of news. Information from his own local authorities shrank by a half or even two-thirds, and he was deprived of reading the news of

neighbouring local authorities and of forming those comparisons which are part of the lifeblood of judgment. The news conspectus of a region often became the ragged patchwork of a district.

Some details will make clearer what has happened. Though all newspapers have suffered, they have not all suffered alike. First we have the morning papers sold at 1½d., 2d. or 3d., and Sunday papers sold at 2d. and 3d. This group includes most but not all of the quality papers, with several Sunday papers of a highly popular, million-circulating type. All have had to discard many new attractive features and reduce others, but are still able to give a respectable variety of news. Sales of the quality papers have risen considerably. There are numbers of readers who are willing to sit down to study a trusted paper for half-an-hour or so. They were probably wearied by the twenty-page pre-war papers and were content with the pre-war penny papers that gave about sixteen pages, but they do not get enough information from the present four-page sheets.

While the twopenny papers have been thus comparatively fortunate they have lost not merely elegancies and pastime features but also much that was of public value. *The Times* has had, generally speaking, to cut its seven to twelve columns of Parliament to three to five columns, to cut financial and commercial news from forty-eight columns to twelve, to drop the weather map, daily law notices, and the military and naval gazette, and to reduce almost all features. *The Manchester Guardian* in its devotion to great international issues can give little local news to-day. Its space for book reviews has been cut by four-fifths. Commercial news is down from sometimes five pages to a maximum of four columns. Pictures, once a full page with three or four photographs elsewhere, are limited to one and a half or one and three-quarter columns. In the *Glasgow Herald*, district news has suffered most. Glasgow Corporation is reported at a fair length, but other local authorities get short shrift. Parliament used to get a page. Only on important occasions nowadays can the paper give more than two columns to the parliamentary report. *The Scotsman* has had to condense in much the same way. Its news of finance and commerce, always a proud feature, has been cut to a quarter. The paper sometimes confines its stock exchange quotations to closing prices. The parliamentary sketch and daily picture page have gone.

The *Western Morning News*, being 1½d., has the advantage of several six-page issues in a week. When the Boundary Commission's report came out in April it was of close interest to all areas because of its extensive ramifications to counties, county boroughs and country districts. Before the war it would have been given a solid page. Coming on a four-page night it had to be compressed into a column and a half.

The London penny morning papers are so familiar to readers that little need be said of their difficulties. These indeed, are somewhat less irksome (though Fleet Street editors might not agree with this) than those of the provincial penny papers. The London penny mornings before the war

averaged twenty pages. They are now down to four. The area of reading matter is between a quarter and one-fifth of what it used to be. Use of smaller type in the headings and text has helped to get in more news. Women's pages have virtually disappeared. Theatres, books, radio and films have suffered. There is less room for comment and background material. Lord Layton, of the *News Chronicle*, has made extensive research into the use of reduced space and has published a valuable pamphlet entitled "Newsprint: A Problem for Democracy." His well-marshalled facts make it clear that in the reduction to four pages Parliament and foreign news—that is, serious news—suffered most. Many foreign countries go almost unreported. Who knows what is happening to-day in that land of immense significance to us—Japan?

The peculiar difficulty of the provincial morning paper of four pages for a penny is that while giving the national and international news it must also cram in local news and a liberal amount of advertising. London papers circulating in millions charge heavily for advertisements, but a provincial paper with a necessarily much smaller sale cannot charge nearly so much; to get an adequate revenue from advertisers it is bound to give them more space than its rivals in Fleet Street would. How to do justice to local news and local political and cultural activities has been for years a harassing problem for the morning papers in the provinces. Disappointed readers still believe when their letters are omitted or some amateur dramatic performance gets no notice (even though a reporter was present) that the editor has exercised a malignant prejudice against them. Omission of news creates more than indifference. Wild rumours rush in to fill a news vacuum. Famished minds are not the most judicious.

Evening papers, even where they sell at 1½d., have been burdened with the same problems as their penny morning companions. Papers which printed eight to twelve pages, being now down to four, have cut out or reduced almost all regular features. Many provincial evening papers have dropped nearly all special articles. One of them imposes a 350-word limit on letters to the editor and has cut reports of town council and other local meetings by about half. Most evening papers run district editions and slip pages (special local pages) to an extent formerly unknown. Some of them have reduced leaders to a mere note or couple of notes. Others, such as the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, the *Manchester Evening News*, the *Bolton Evening News* and the *West Lancashire Evening Gazette* (Blackpool) have remained generous with editorial comment: they find that leaders written with pungency and personality have often a strong influence in controversy, local and national, but especially local. But on the whole, evening papers have become far more bitty than they would like to be.

The provincial weekly papers lament size reductions bitterly. These papers have as their chief object, as they have always had, the printing of local news in a straightforward, factual way. They are an indispensable

source of information for the ratepayer about local government. Every weekly paper editor tells the same melancholy tale of important news and important features being forced right out of the paper. One country weekly that used to print fourteen to sixteen pages and sometimes twenty pages finds itself compelled in the eight-page paper of to-day to skeletonize local meetings: the result is that each party accuses the editor of bias against it. Another editor says he reports all council decisions of consequence, but heated exchanges are rarely mentioned. Reports have to be incomplete and solidly factual. The reader misses the stormy scenes and takes less interest in his council.

One weekly paper tries to eke out its space by printing reports of local, urban and rural district councils piecemeal. A report of a meeting will be given in one issue and extracts from the committee minutes in the next. One weekly paper of six pages, in order to get in the local news for different editions, has to make up twenty-one different pages. Many reports, like the county council's, which affect the whole county and in the old days were given three and four columns, have now to be severely editioned, so that a district has to be content with references to its own business at the county council's and gains no impression of the meeting as a whole. Another weekly, much given to editioning in a built-up region, has people on one side of a road wanting one edition and people on the other side wanting another edition. It must be a complicating nuisance for the newsagent. In one town the town council complained so much of inadequate reporting that an arrangement was made with the town clerk to dictate every week news of interest from the committee minutes so as to give as much information as possible by spreading it over several weeks.

A troublesome effect of newsprint restriction is too little space for public notices, smalls and other types of personal advertising which are part of the vital substance of our provincial newspapers. This has a bad effect on any kind of public and social life that is dependent on the local paper for necessary announcements. A delay of six weeks before some kinds of accepted advertisements can be printed is not unknown. The training of young journalists has been made far more difficult by shortage of space. Indeed, almost all journalists are disheartened by the uselessness of so much that they write.

Some public men have used censorious words about the way the press uses its limited space. These criticisms are usually based on the doctrine that anything light in the paper should be thrown out to make room for serious political news. Undoubtedly the popular newspapers choose to print lively reading rather than important political speeches. But they do as a rule offer their millions of readers a good deal of serious news and a good many first-rate feature articles explaining world problems. If they were given more newsprint and if an intensely exciting murder trial began at the same time, no one need doubt which kind of subject would benefit

by conspicuously larger spaces. But exciting murder cases are not heard every day, and a larger allocation of paper would mean an increase of serious information for readers. One occasionally hears slighting references to country weeklies because some of their news items are trivial except to those concerned. They may be trivial, but so is much in *Hansard*. The country weekly, like *Hansard*, is an invaluable record. A favourite criticism by the man who does not care for sport is that newspapers use too much of their scanty space for racing, cricket and football. Sport, even in small type, is extortionate for space because racing programmes, football fixtures and cricket details are irreducible. If newspapers had more paper most of them would wish to print more sport commentaries, but it need not be feared that the increased space given to these would swamp what matters most.

After careful inquiry, with the help of many editors in London and the provinces, I am confident that more paper would give us fuller reporting of serious affairs, such as Parliament and international questions, and, specially in the provinces, local government and cultural movements. We are accustomed to look to the press for public enlightenment and public spirit. Those needs are bound to suffer under the limitations that editors have felt so sorely for years. Junius uttered a noble sentiment when he wrote: "Let it be impressed upon your minds, let it be instilled into your children, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all the civil, political and religious rights." How can this palladium guard the people with sacred power when full presentment and discussion of civil, political and religious questions are so often made impossible? Denial of adequate paper is the crudest editing there is.

The author is the Editor of The Yorkshire Post and Chairman of the Joint Editorial Committee of the Newspaper Society and the Guild of British Newspaper Editors.)

THE JUVENILE EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

By E. W. WOODHEAD

IT is a commonplace that the work of the schools cannot be effective unless proper arrangements are made for providing young people and parents with full information about the careers and occupations which may be open to school leavers and advice which will help them to make a wise choice. Nothing is more frustrating for boys and girls, who have been helped in school to develop all their capabilities to the greatest possible extent, than to find themselves in unsuitable employment which offers no possible outlet for the very abilities which the school has been at pains to develop. Moreover, it is in the interests of the community as a whole that young people should have the opportunity of obtaining the kind of employment or training for which they are best fitted, as they will then be most likely to make the best possible contribution to the national well being.

The Juvenile Employment Service has had a chequered history. The Labour Exchanges Act of 1909 provided for the setting up, under the Board of Trade, of labour exchanges, later transferred to the Ministry of Labour. These exchanges were primarily for registering applicants for work and were not designed specifically to meet the needs of young people leaving school, although in some exchanges special juvenile departments were set up. At the same time many education authorities were realizing that their responsibility to boys and girls did not end when the young people went out of their schools, and, even before 1909, some education authorities had made arrangements for helping boys and girls to choose suitable work. The Education (Choice of Employment) Act of 1910 formally empowered local education authorities in England to give this service to young people under the age of seventeen, later raised to eighteen. The supervision of the work of education authorities in this connection was the responsibility of the Board of Education.

Not all education authorities recognized this responsibility and during the whole history of the growth of the service there have been two systems in operation, the education authority bearing the main responsibility for the service in some areas and the Ministry of Labour in others. The Juvenile Employment Service has, in fact, been a no man's land between the Ministry of Labour and the education authorities. Zealous bands of crusaders from both sides have set out into this no man's land to establish strong points from which the other side has not been able to dislodge

them. A number of Government inquiries into the situation were made from time to time and various alterations in the administrative machinery were agreed, one of the most important being the transfer from the Board of Education to the Ministry of Labour of central responsibility for the administration of the service in the areas where local education authorities exercise their powers to provide a service.

At the outbreak of war in 1939 the Ministry of Labour, having many new onerous duties, found it difficult to maintain a full Juvenile Employment Service and in the areas where they were directly responsible for the service they gave instructions (which were later much modified) that the work was to be curtailed. They also suggested similar curtailments in the areas of local education authorities and, though many of the education authorities providing the service did not wish to limit their work, it was not possible for them to develop the service in wartime and some curtailment of work was necessary in certain areas owing to shortage of staff.

In 1944 good work was being done in some areas, both under education authorities and under the Ministry of Labour, but there was no doubt that in many places an adequate service was not being provided. At the beginning of 1945, therefore, a committee was set up under the chairmanship of Sir Godfrey Ince, Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, to consider how a comprehensive Juvenile Employment Service for the whole country could best be obtained. This committee, popularly known as the Ince Committee, issued its report at the end of 1945. It had been hoped that the committee would resolve the long conflict between the education authorities and the Ministry of Labour as the local agencies for organizing the service and would be able to suggest a uniform method of operation for the whole country. This, however, did not come about, as there was a division of opinion among members of the committee. The statesmanship of Sir Godfrey Ince, however, finally induced the warring parties to agree to disagree and the report recommends that those local education authorities who wish to do so should continue to have the right to provide a service, but that those who do not exercise their option to do so within a limited period should not be able to take up powers at a later date. This recommendation, though it was received with some regret by the protagonists of education authorities, is a reasonable one, for the Ministry of Labour cannot be expected to do their utmost to provide a good service in the areas for which they are responsible if they know that at any moment an education authority may decide to take up its powers and reorganize the whole scheme. It is also reasonable that where an education authority decides to exercise powers the authority should provide a service for the whole of its area. It has been possible in the past for an authority to establish a scheme covering one part of its area, leaving another part to the Ministry of Labour. The remainder left to the Ministry may be an area in which

it is, in any case, difficult to provide an adequate service, and even more difficult when the service has to be provided, for example, in a rural area which has been administratively divorced from the town which is its natural centre. It is also an anomaly of the present situation that, whereas education authorities in England and Wales have power to provide a Juvenile Employment Service, Scottish education authorities have not. The Ince Committee therefore recommended that the powers at present enjoyed by education authorities in England and Wales should be extended to those in Scotland.

The alterations in the powers of education authorities recommended by the Ince Committee cannot be brought about except by legislation. Provision for the necessary legislation is made in the Employment and Training Bill. When the Bill is passed, all education authorities in England, Wales and Scotland will have the duty of deciding whether or not they wish to provide a Juvenile Employment Service. If they decide to do so, they must submit a scheme for the exercise of their powers to the Ministry of Labour within six months of the date when the Act receives the Royal assent. Each authority submitting a scheme will be required to take effective steps for putting it into operation within six months from the date on which the scheme was approved by the Minister, though some extension of this period may be allowed if the Minister so decides. It, seems therefore, that a stable situation throughout the country will be achieved within a measurable time after the passing of the Act. The work will still be performed locally either by the education authority or by the Ministry of Labour, but it will be known definitely in which areas the two types of administration will operate and every effort will be made on both sides to ensure that common minimum standards are reached and that the best possible service is provided for the boys and girls, to meet whose needs is the primary object of the service. It is generally agreed that the service is nowhere perfect and indeed is not as good as it could be even under present circumstances, with both types of administration, in some areas.

Local education authorities who do not already provide a service will, in reaching a decision on the matter, no doubt have as their first consideration which system of administration will best serve the needs of the boys and girls in their respective areas and will best enable the work of the Juvenile Employment Service to be integrated with that of their schools. They will have in mind that juvenile employment officers whom they themselves select to operate the service may be more easily accepted as colleagues in the education service by the teachers than would be the officers of an outside body, for without the co-operation of the teachers the service cannot be effective. Moreover, the complexities of the educational system, which present no difficulties to people working within that system, are often very bewildering to officers whose training and experience have been in other fields. They will realize the importance of

linking the Juvenile Employment Service as closely as possible with the provision for Further Education, especially part-time education for young workers, which will become even more important when the provision of county colleges makes it possible for all young people to continue their education after they have taken up employment. But perhaps the most important factor which education authorities will take into account will be that educational and vocational guidance are parts of a continuous process and that the advice on training for careers which is provided through the Juvenile Employment Service must be linked as closely as possible with that on suitable courses of education provided within the school. Indeed, it is not possible to separate completely the functions of teachers and juvenile employment officers in educational and vocational guidance. There are occasions when the advice given by teachers must have a direct bearing on vocational guidance and when the advice given by juvenile employment officers must have a direct bearing on future courses of education. Improved methods of selection of pupils for different forms of education, a matter very close to the heart of all education authorities, must take into account the effect which this selection will have on the vocational guidance to be given later.

It is now generally agreed that one of the principal functions of the Juvenile Employment Service is to give advice and information which will help young people, under the guidance of their parents to choose their future wisely. It has hitherto been one of the weaknesses of the service that information concerning the qualities shown by boys and girls in their school careers was supplied to the service only where those responsible for the management of a school decided to supply it. Without a school report, even the most experienced juvenile employment officer may be misled about the abilities and attainments of a boy or girl, and the Ince Committee therefore recommended that the proprietors of schools of all kinds, including private schools, should be required to supply to the Juvenile Employment Service certain information about all young people leaving the schools. This recommendation has been accepted by the Government and is embodied in the Bill.

The Ince Committee also felt that it was unfortunate that many young people did not receive the advice they needed through failure to make contact with the Juvenile Employment Service, and they therefore recommended that the Minister should have power to compel boys and girls, whose particulars were registered with the service by schools, to attend for interview within a prescribed period of the date of leaving school. This is the only recommendation of the committee which the Government have not accepted. Although in making the recommendation the Ince Committee had in mind only that young people should receive advice and not that they should be compelled to take it, public opinion will, in general, support the decision of the Government not to embody this recommendation in the Bill. Even a suggestion of com-

pulsion is, at present, most unwelcome, and it is better that the improved Juvenile Employment Service which is to be provided should not be open to any suspicion that young people are being regimented to meet the needs of industry.

The Bill also gives legislative sanction to the establishment of the National Juvenile Employment Council and the Central Juvenile Employment Executive, which were recommended by the Ince Committee and have already been set up. The association of officers of the education departments and of the Ministry of Labour on the Central Juvenile Employment Executive has already proved its value.

The provisions of the Employment and Training Bill and the general interest which is being taken at the present time in the work of the Juvenile Employment Service will encourage all who are connected with it to do their utmost to make it really effective. The whole conception of the service has changed since the early days when the Ministry of Labour was mainly concerned with filling vacancies and the education authorities were mainly concerned with helping children to avoid "blind alley employment". Any form of advisory work connected with a career or with training for a career is now looked upon as a normal function of the Juvenile Employment Service. The work which juvenile employment officers are already doing in some areas and will do to an increasing extent in helping heads of schools to advise seventeen- or eighteen-year-old school leavers in the choice of suitable university courses may, at first sight, seem far removed from that of helping the boy or girl of rather low mentality to find a suitable niche doing routine assembly work in a factory. Both, however, are similar in that their intention is to help young people, however widely their levels of ability may differ, to find the career or occupation which suits them best, and the advisory work which is being developed for older pupils who have continued their education beyond the statutory leaving age is a natural development in the growth of the service.

The improvement which is now taking place in the methods of presenting information to young people about the opportunities which may be open to them is another development which is inevitable and right. In many areas consideration is being given to the best form of education to be provided for boys and girls in modern schools during their final year, and interesting experiments are taking place in many schools. The opportunity is being used, as part of the normal school curriculum, to increase young people's knowledge of the country they live in and to widen their conception of their responsibilities as citizens. The work, which is being done in collaboration by teachers and juvenile employment officers, in arranging for parties of pupils to undertake industrial visits and in providing for talks and discussions in school on opportunities of employment, can be fitted naturally into the school curriculum. A visit by boys and girls to a factory is likely not only to help them to understand

the organization of industry or to gain a deeper knowledge of a particular process of which they may have heard, for example, in a chemistry lesson, but also to give them some knowledge of the opportunities of employment to be found in that particular factory ; whether the visit was arranged primarily by the school to illustrate some phase of school work or by the juvenile employment officer to give information about possible future occupation.

When the administrative framework of the service has been settled, it will be necessary to breathe life into these bare bones. This can only be done by the appointment of suitable staff to carry out the functions of the service. If the service is to develop, or even to maintain the level of efficiency which it has already achieved in some areas, it is essential that an increasing number of good candidates should become juvenile employment officers and that adequate arrangements should be made for training them in their complex duties. A juvenile employment officer must be a person of wide general education, deep human sympathy and with a well balanced personality. He or she must command the respect and confidence of heads and staffs of schools, young people and parents, employers and members of local committees, since the service is to be used voluntarily, and people will not use it unless it offers something they feel is worth having.

The author is the County Education Officer of Kent and was a member of the Ince Committee.)

HOLLAND TAKES THE OFFENSIVE

BY KENNETH ADAM

HER Majesty's Commissioner for Zeeland offered me a cigarette from a black and battered tin. Since it was given to him by a marine in a green beret a few hours after the first landing on Walcheren, this tin, of unrecognizable origin, has been everywhere with him. Mr. Cassembroot says he would not change it for a gold case. To him it is a symbol of liberation. The high-spirited Mr. Cassembroot is by way of being that himself. He is in his early forties, a swarthy, stocky man, one of the leaders of resistance in South Holland. He talks of November 1944 as "the best days of my life", knows the name of every unit which took part in the landings, and this summer is going to Scotland to renew his friendship with the King's Own Scottish Borderers. From being Burgomaster of Westkapelle, he has recently been elevated to the post of chief executive of the province of Zeeland; the eleven Provincial Commissioners are among the most important men in Holland and since the war Queen Wilhelmina has appointed young men, with fresh ideas, abundant energy and irreproachable wartime records. Mr. Cassembroot does not take kindly to the trappings of his new office. He apologized for taking me round the island in a luxurious car of American make: "I prefer my jeep; it does not shut out the wind."

It is not easy to shut out the wind anywhere on Walcheren. When we stood, our tour almost completed, on the platform of the lighthouse behind Westkapelle from which the Germans directed operations against the Commandos, it tore at our clothes, whipped away our cigarettes, and sent us staggering against the rail, a wild, frolic wind, but though it stirred the North Sea in front of us into a cauldron the waves flung themselves impotently enough against the sturdy new dyke which closes the breach between the dunes made by the R.A.F. Mulberry Harbour parts have been incorporated with traditional Dutch materials in the Sea Bulwark of Westkapelle, which is always under guard against the age-old invader. Mr. Cassembroot told me how the Germans called upon the population to construct emergency dykes after the bombing, but the Dutch were stricken with mysterious illnesses, or hid, or sabotaged the frantic attempts to stem the waters. It was necessary that the island should be sacrificed in order that the Allies might use Antwerp; very well then, homes, crops, all that the people had went under. But so did the German defences.

From the lighthouse, 175 steps up, and the highest point on Walcheren,

the island lay stretched like a smooth green cloth. The fruit and hawthorn trees which before the war would have been breaking into blossom, were dead, salt-soaked stumps. But new trees are being planted. The windbreak patterns were visible in stripling rows, and the dunes will soon have a collar of trees to prevent erosion. Few animals were to be seen, except a few of the Dutch draught horses, massive and heavily muscled, pulling carts which even from that height seemed disproportionately small. Pasture is not so easy to restore as arable, however much gypsum is spread. When the farmers recovered their tools, they found them coated with mussel shells. But the soil in the early evening sunshine had the colour of fertility, and the corn crops looked full of promise. A 100 per cent. pre-war yield is looked for this year on the island that might have been erased from the map of Europe.

Immediately below, the village of Westkapelle, four-fifths of which was destroyed by water or in battle, was astir. Dutch rooftiles shone redly in new houses each side of the main road. In the island as a whole 1,000 seriously damaged houses have already been repaired. That evening the building gangs, who camp on the spot, were to have a concert from visiting artists, and the villagers were to join them in their canteen. Reconstruction is not complete. Many of the Nissen huts left by the British sappers who helped to restore the dyke, are still occupied. So even the elaborate bunkers dug into the dunes for Nazi protection. A flag fluttering at the cavelike entrance denotes a family within. But they will all be properly housed before the summer is out.

To the south sprawled Flushing, whose sea-front, where the Germans had fortified it, is still scarred from the pounding of Allied guns on the other side of the Scheldt. Here and there the hotels are being bravely patched and painted. Traffic is creeping back into the harbour. At the back of the town an emergency estate has been built in the past eighteen months for 13,000 people, street after street of one-storied houses in brick, with their own shops and schools. Asked if they were temporary dwellings, my escort shrugged his shoulders. One has seen that shrug in England. But the Dutch housewives are making an uncomplaining best of their "new town". The doorknobs gleam and the doorsteps shine as brightly as those on the tall and gracious eighteenth century houses of the Heerengracht in Amsterdam.

Of the closing of the Nollledijk, near Flushing, which was the biggest breach the bombers made, where 3,000 Dutchmen fought a four-month battle with the elements, up to their thighs in water and mud, I was told his story: an old ship was used to help fill the gap; that night the chief engineer's report read: "Dyke closed, only leaking through portholes." The Dutch have a sense of humour.

North-east of the lighthouse I could descry the little fishing town of Veere on its mound, where the smacks with their threadbare, redbrown sails come right up to the door of the Town Hall to-day exactly as they did in the seventeenth century print which hangs on the wall of Mr.

Cassembroot's office in Middelburg. Near the town I had been shown earlier the third of the gaps, a kilometre long. There the new dyke, which in its final stage had to be closed in the quarter-hour of lowest tide, has been built slightly inside the old line. "We lost land there," I was told. It is not much, but the Dutch do not like to lose even a minor engagement.

Climbing down from our gusty eminence we drove to Domburg for supper, past the barbed wire of a collaborationists' prison camp. Gaudy Belgian coaches filled with tourists swept by us. Holland is cheap for Belgians, but the francs they bring are welcome. Under a shield carrying the lion of Zeeland emerging from the sea, and the proud motto of the Province: *Luctor et emergo*", we ate and talked of the future of the island. Mr. Cassembroot reminded me of the narrow strips into which the land had been divided and on which we had looked down. "Those '*slagen*' are our biggest agricultural problem," he said, "not only in Walcheren, not only in Zeeland, but throughout the Netherlands. Some of them are only a few yards wide. But they are often a mile long, in places even as much as eight miles long. They are the result of the Dutch principle of sharing an inheritance equally between the heirs, and of the attempt to see that each heir received his proportion of good, average and bad soil. In these days when we must have maximum yields, such divisions are absurd. With eighty-seven per cent. of Dutch farms smaller than fifty acres, there is a great deal of wasteful working. So we have embarked on a policy of re-allotment. It is not popular. But it has to be done." I asked what happened to the dispossessed, and to the heirs from now on. "They go to the Wieringermeerpolder, and to the North-East Polder. In years to come, they will go to the polders which are still to be claimed from the Zuyder Zee."

It was to the Zuyder Zee, or the IJssel Lake, as it has been called since the twenty-one-mile dyke, which is one of the wonders of the world, was built from North Holland to Friesland, that my next journey was made. Sixteen years ago, I saw the first harvest being gathered on the Wieringermeer, which is roughly the size of Leicestershire and Rutland together. That was only two years after it had been a seabed. By the outbreak of war, it was the most advanced agricultural district in the country. It had 25,000 miles of ditches, fifty-nine bridges, 150 miles of roadway, 400 flourishing farms, and three villages, with their churches and schools. During the war it became a German granary. Seventeen days before the capitulation in 1945, the Nazis blew the dyke in two places, a wanton piece of destruction. Fifteen years' work was drowned in two days. Houses, barns, stables disappeared beneath the swell. The Wieringermeer became a land of floating roofs. The scour of the water pouring at high velocity into the polder, at this point, twelve feet below the IJssel Lake, enlarged the gaps to 200 and 130 yards. Craters 100 feet deep were excavated just inside them. The sand from the dyke was spread over an area of one and a half square miles.

The highest priority was given to the remaking of the dyke and the reclaiming of the polder. Three months after VE Day, the gaps were closed. To avoid losing time by filling the craters, the dyke was bent round them on the other side. In 1930 the drying out of the polder had taken seven months. This time it had to be done more quickly in order that the swell, as the water became shallower, should not destroy the roads, ditches and canals, which were the very bones of the body of the polder. The two great pumping stations, "Lely" and "Leemans", had been left unharmed. Auxiliary pumps speeded from America were mounted as well. Inside four months, the Wieringermeer was dry land for the second time.

In the spring of 1948 it is hard to imagine, as one drives over admirable roads, through mile after mile of healthy green crops, past spick-and-span farms, over white concrete bridges and by clear canals, the endless grey wastes that confronted the farmers two years ago when the engineers had finished their part of the restorative task. Fortunately, of course, the flood-water was not salt, as on Walcheren, because it came from the IJssel Lake; but the successful replanting of these 50,000 acres, when labour and implements and materials were all scarce, was, and is, an astonishing effort, explicable only in terms of that intense loyalty which the Dutch conceive for their polders.

Cultivation in the first year of reclamation was carried on despite a complete absence of habitable dwellings. It is in the three villages of the polder that the visitor realizes how recent the emergency was. On the Town Hall of Wieringerwerf, the head village, a dark stain seventeen feet up the wall, shows the high-water mark of the inundation. A stone column outside, bearing the words: "Here a future was born; carry on" carries the mark of the waters. In the rows of cottages where the labourers live, who bicycle every day to their farms, there are gaps; families are sharing; but by the harvest more than two-thirds of the pre-war population should have been rehoused in the polder. My companion scowled when he saw that men were busy on the three large churches which minister to the souls of the thousand inhabitants, while work on the schools appeared to have stopped. "Half-empty churches; overcrowded schools; typically Dutch," was his laconic comment. We went on to see the new dam, an imposing structure with a crest of brick to thwart the stone pitching, shaped like a right-hand bracket which has been gummed on to the straight line of the original dyke. It is, I hope, more typically Dutch that a decision has just been taken not to attempt to drain the deep craters between the arms of the bracket, or to clear the sand which was washed over the land beyond, but to transform one into a pleasure lake and the other into woodland walks, so that the monument to an infamous deed will be a thing of beauty in the land.

Large as the Wieringermeer is, it will be very much the smallest of the reclaimed areas of the Zuyder Zee when the project is completed. The

North-East Polder, sometimes, but unofficially, called Urkerland, from the island at its south-west corner which has been enclosed, is the second of the four polders to have been brought into existence. It covers an area of 186 square miles, more than twice that of the Wieringermeer.

The dyking and draining of this polder began in 1936 after certain hesitations in the Stages-General, the expenses of the big dykes and of the Wieringermeer having been greater than anticipated (though only £30 million in all). This was hardly surprising. Hydraulic works of this magnitude had never been attempted in any part of the world. Accurate estimates of cost were too much even for the cautious engineers in the Delft laboratories. Nobody knew, for instance, how a vast body of water affected by the tides would behave when cut off from the ocean.

In other words, when would the tides subside and how? In the result, the calculations of the great physicist, Lorentz, based on experiments in the laboratory, proved remarkably accurate. The Government decided that work should proceed after receiving assurances that the future reclamations would in fact be on a less expensive scale than in Wieringermeer. Experience there had shown, for example, that the system of navigable waterways which had been planned, was unnecessarily extensive. In the North-East Polder, there would be fewer canals, and as the holdings were to be bigger, fewer farms in proportion, too.

Four years went by before the last gap in the dam was closed. By then, the Germans were in occupation. Once the new land had been pumped dry, the Dutch began a deliberate delaying policy. Some thousands of young men called upon to work in the Reich took refuge in the polder. It was immense, and bleak, and the reeds grew eight or ten feet high. While those reeds remained, there was comparative safety in their midst. Food was smuggled out to the refugees by the workmen. They built shelters out of the reeds where the growth was densest, even wove themselves primitive coverings. After a time, some sought slightly better conditions by asking the Dutch authorities to take them on as labourers. Few of them were fit for this kind of work, but all of them were given an ostensible job, and were represented to the Germans as capable employees. The clearing of the polder proceeded at a snail's pace.

Among those in hiding were many university men, and an astonishing archaeological research was carried on by scientists who had a price upon their head. Rumour had long credited this part of the Zuyder Zee with having been inhabited in the early Middle Ages. A few traces of human habitation were found but it was satisfactorily established, during this unique 'extra-mural' course, that no towns or settlements of any size had existed there. A number of wrecks was discovered, however, with interesting relics in them, and these have been collected in a museum which is housed in the old church of the onetime island of Schokland, now a part of the polder. In the late summer of 1944, the Nazis at last carried out a thorough raid. They trampled down or attempted to set the reeds

alight but the refugees, like rabbits in a cornfield under the reaper, retreated to the centre. The reeds would not burn ; the area was too vast. Only a very few men fell into the enemy's hands.

However, the fear was abroad that the Nazis would return, and more effectively. The exodus from the polder was general. Even the pseudo-employees of the reclamation authority thought the time had come to move on. When the war ended, the North-East Polder was largely a wilderness still, its farmhouses half-built in clearings, its roads, such as they were, made of rubble, its bridges crazy wooden affairs which could be, because they were meant to be, easily destroyed at a moment's notice. Even so, it was marked down by the Germans for inundation ; only sabotage by a group of Poles saved it from the fate of Wieringermeer. Little or nothing of this strange wartime story of the North-East Polder has yet been told, even in Holland. It is an episode which deserves its historian.

A great deal of ground has gone under the plough since the end of the war, and Urkerland as I saw it at the end of April is a fertile champaign. Along the roads leading to Emmeloord, the central settlement, lorries rumble for all the world as if they were on Watling Street or the Great North Road. At Emmeloord, too, the three main canals meet, and the barges that ride on them are loaded high with bundles of reeds which will be made into mats for Dutch housewives who are short of carpets. The atmosphere, however, is remarkably like that of the prairie provinces of the United States, raw and roomy. It is a strange feeling to have, this recency, in such an anciently settled continent as Europe. Beyond Emmeloord, with its post office, its doctor, its vet., its tradesmen and functionaries, where, incidentally, we found the local government office deserted, with money and coupons and all the paraphernalia of a country in austerity lying unguarded on desks and counters, beyond Emmeloord, the polder becomes less civilized. The bridges are temporary, the road is rutted, the reeds on either side are scarcely under control, and we come to a notice which says flatly : " The motor road to Urk is not open." My companion chooses to ignore this ; he tells me that the people of Urk are still fanatically opposed to losing their island status. Finally we are halted by stakes in the road, and a fiercer notice which warns that we cannot proceed further except on foot. Urk is scattered up and down a hill, like Winchelsea or Rye, but its inhabitants in their handsome traditional dress, greet us with scowls. The marks of inbreeding are only too plain in the children who shy away from us. This is the only place I have seen in Holland which is dirty, ill-kempt and noisome. At the inn we are told they cannot give us food, but after a time the host thaws, produces fried eggs, and even tries out his English. His, it seems, is one of eight Catholic families in a population of 5,000 strict Calvinists. His trade is largely a backdoor one. The fishermen drink gin only aboard their boats, which lie idle outside his windows. He explains their grievances.

With the closing of the Zuyder Zee they have been compelled to switch over to fresh-water fishing. The herring has died out ; so have the shrimps. The flounder has been more biddable, and appears to tolerate fresh water. The innkeeper admits there have been gains, too. The IJssel Lake has become an excellent breeding place for eel, which, smoked, is a great Dutch delicacy. But the root grievance is that Urk is no longer an island, and the Calvinists will quote you a number of texts to prove that tampering with nature never did anybody any good in the long run.

Whether the good people of Urk like it or not, their lords and masters are committed to much more tampering with nature in the years to come. The decision has now been definitely taken to proceed with the rest of the Zuyder Zee scheme. This involves two more polders, the South-Western, which will embrace 220 square miles, including the island of Marken, whose tourist-spoiled inhabitants are not likely to be less vocal in their objections than those of Urk, and, finally, the largest of all, the South-Eastern, which will be 500 square miles in extent. In the laboratory at Delft, where all the problems posed by these ambitious projects are met in miniature, Dr. Thyse, its head, is even now testing, in a 170 foot flume, or water tunnel, the effect of wave motion on levees and breakwaters which will ring the new polders. It is one only of projects from countries all over the world which are brought to the laboratory to be tried out on models. "We play havoc with geography here," he says with a smile. On the wall of his office hangs a great map of Holland, as it is, and as it will be. The day before I met him a date had been fixed for the final completion of the Zuyder Zee scheme, which will enlarge habitable Holland by half a million acres, and its cultivable land by ten per cent. It is 1976. Dr. Thyse will not see the plan come to full fruition. He is already past middle age. But he and his friends are not content with what they have to do. Already they are visualizing a continuous coastline, running from the Belgian border to the German frontier, enclosing all the islands in Zeeland and South Holland as well as the northern islands which run like vertebrae almost to the Danish coast. Behind this coast, whose only gaps would be locks in the waterways giving access to the ports of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and Antwerp, all waterways not needed for drainage, and the Wadden Sea as well, would be reclaimed. This stupendous undertaking would enrich the country with almost a million acres of agricultural soil. Technically, it is already almost possible, and certainly will be so in a year or two. Financially, it should not prove prohibitive. When Sir John Boyd Orr says that the world is rumbling to destruction because it will not heed the desperate urgency of its primary problem, and grow more food, and when American experts tell us that every year soil erosion reduces the land under cultivation by an area the size of Yorkshire, what the Dutch call their 'new imperialism' begins to look like an enlightened common sense.

Behind these bonds the novice grew ;
Habit became his friend ; his fear
Rose in the dark, grudging the rising,
But rose and sang, conquering here.

Within the valley of a world
Green to the rim, and wildly watered,
With trees for company, and long pastures
Sweet to the ewe-lamb shorn unslaughtered,
Patience at wondering guess laid down
By rule and square, in stone, his plan :
Cloister and cell, vault and chapel—
Wilful obedience, God in man—

Giving stone wings of faith to fly
In the air, teaching the truth to fall
In many hued wedge on placid pavement.

The bell rang. Kind was the call,
Kind that call to accepted penance,
And short but lief the desired sleep ;
Order forbidding the leer of chaos,
Lighting a candle of soul-to-keep.

Weathered builders, your hands are bones.
Assured, you watched the suns of years
Ripening your creed, your carven leaves,
Your mason work, your clustering piers ;
And if from moorland a mist rode in,
Or showers fell, or swiftfoot rain,
To christen your quarried masterpiece—
“ Time confirms us ”, you said, profane.

For that same harmless, warming sun,
Through age on age has bitten deep ;
Toothless winds deface the stonework,
Into whose crannies mosses creep ;
Fingers of frost loosen the tracery ;
At every dewfall stirs one grain ;
Threads of silk devour the timbers ;
The foundered bell blooms green with rain.

So Age decays the veriest jewel.
Dawn, and day's monotonies—

Questions—fernseed—find some lodgement ;
 Faith rises from weary knees.
 Few, and poor, and weak, you grapple ;
 The yards mire, the barns lean ;
 Three toil at the grave of one ;
 Silence enters, briers between. . . .

Till travellers, hearing tell of this,
 Would turn aside, stand together,
 Stare at the ivy, scare the jackdaws,
 Shelter from the brazen weather,
 Whilst longing fingers out of the past
 Touch at their nerves, touch unguessed :
 " We (who yielded to certainty) "
 Signifying—" in ruins rest. . . .

Oh, gaze reverently ! This skull
 Has housed a hope of life ;
 Pleasure little, and pain enough ;
 Branded love, and simple guile.
 These hollow arches above the eyes
 Are yet endowed with singular beauty ;
 Sense sweet in guarded use
 Honoured on earth our dark Almighty. . . ."

Yes. Through holes a slanted sun
 Enters deep, a denizen ;
 Birds nest in crowns of angels ;
 Ferns spring from the feet of saints ;
 On chancel step the tear-drop rain
 Sometimes lays its circles down ;
 In cavities at the altar side
 The faithful winds intone.

Stone—or human history—
 Purpose weathers down to this :
 Soft sunlit afternoons,
 Leaves' shadows, leaves' hiss,
 Ants' endless generations
 Hither and thither scurrying past,
 Tombs cut with eternal chisels
 Bluntly unreadable at last.

Let the briers ramp and fruit ;
 Let wandering newcomers gaze ;

Let veneration weed the cornice,
Guess, envy, measure, praise ;
A young hand on the warm step,
A mouth stained with blackberries,
Such, for God's sake, to man's loss,
They had not, all their days.

Oh, harsh denial and strange fear—
Were it not sin to breathe as breed ?—
Loving at beauty to leave no offspring,
None to succeed.
Though these sit now on heaven's benches,
By old, strict disobedience
All is empty, all is lost—
Though lovely—beyond recompense.

(More sceptical palaces rise in Time,
Whose facings strip, whose girders rust
And leave corroded shard for others,
And salt, infertile dust.
And of *our* sons, which, from highroad turning
To light on riddled acres,
Will find Man's peace in rubble and clinker,
Or Time's, or his surpassing Maker's ?)

Childed, this warm September time
We dreamed ; and in their precincts haunted,
Suffered the peace of a place they thought
To make more durable, saint-enchanted ;
Their crucifixes crumbled down,
Their slow antiphonies' echoes fled,
Their barren lives, their burning zeal—
As we say hurriedly—Dead !

THE FAYS AT THE ABBEY THEATRE

BY WINIFRED LETTS

I went to the Abbey Theatre in Dublin one Saturday afternoon. It is very long ago, and it was at a time of youth when the difference between sixpence and a shilling is worth considering. I forget now just why I decided to go on that afternoon, coming to Dublin on the tram from Blackrock. It was rather a daring move, for the Abbey was regarded suspiciously at that time by my own Unionist, Protestant circle. My mother, who had no prejudices of that sort, would have thought that only Shakespeare deserved the journey into Dublin. Uncles and aunts, if they approved the theatre at all, considered a nice English play at the Gaiety the only just cause for spending money on a theatre.

Only sixpence to pay at the door! That was a pleasant surprise. I stumbled into the pit. There seemed to be very few people there. In the stalls I saw the majestic head of W. B. Yeats, and the elderly lady with a black mantilla-thing on her head; I guessed that she must be Lady Gregory. A small orchestra played good music. Then the curtain rose.

Now and then a play is such an experience that it stands out as an adventure in life, poignant, never-to-be-forgotten. There are so few of them; this was one. It was *Riders to the Sea*, by J. M. Synge. The tragedy was searing, the foreseen disaster so cruel that on the curtain's fall there was a hush. Applause for the agony of life is unthinkable. Here the agony was real, a part of Ireland's life. What did I know of the sea in quiet Blackrock? A rough day meant some breakers on the rocks, but the sea was no ruthless fate as it was here. The women had spoken quietly, they had accepted as inevitable the death of the young, low-voiced man, who came in for the horse's halter so that he might ride to the sea. Dazed, I sat there in the interval, and wondered who these people might be, if they ever really returned with cheerful faces to the Dublin world. The young man was played by William G. Fay, the mother was Sara Allgood, her daughters were Maire O'Neill and Brigid (who was Mrs. Fay). I forget what followed on the programme. It may have been Lady Gregory's *Rising of the Moon*, where William Fay was the escaping rebel, an enchanting person who sat back to back on the sea wall with the sergeant who had been sent to capture him, an unsuspecting big 'gom' of a man, played by Sinclair.

I went back to suburban life in a sort of dream. Synge's plays had that effect on their audience. One's thoughts took on those lovely turns of phrase he had heard in Wicklow or in Kerry. The unemphatic speech

of his tragedies, their poetry, their idiom haunted young minds. I began to think out a little one-act tragedy that was, of course, as a frank reviewer defined it, "Synge and water". There was a murder on the bog, just the curlew-haunted bog of the *Shadow of the Glen*. My murderous hero (to be Willie Fay of course) had killed his man after much provocation and had then sought his love in her lonely cottage. The next visitor was a blind man (played by Frank Fay) who had the awkward gift of seeing ghosts. He saw quite plainly the ghost of the murdered man behind the murderer's chair. After that a confession followed and the curtain fell on tragedy.

To my great surprise the play was accepted and I was bidden to come to the Abbey Theatre and discuss it. Being young and quite inexperienced in theatrical life I was both shy and exalted as I sat in the dark theatre at my first rehearsal. I could not have dreamed of correcting or suggesting. It was wonderful to me to meet these people on the stage and in the green room. Their charm was that they spoke off the stage just as they did on it. Frank was more precise, an orator and elocutionist at heart; Willie was full of theories about production but it was his genius not his theory that made him a perfect Playboy of the Western World, and such a poetical Fool in the *Hourglass* and *Baile Strand*, two Yeats plays.

The Eyes of the Blind died a quiet death after its week's performance. I had lost nothing and had won friendship with the two men who had laid the fame of the Abbey Theatre. I had also heard a frank opinion in the pit where I went for the Saturday matinée. An old lady with bugles in her bonnet turned to her companion and said as the curtain fell: "I don't think much of *that*." I feel sure her criticism was sound.

W. B. Yeats drifted in and out of the theatre while I was there and he was very kind, for I had two letters of advice from him. I have pasted them into my copy of *The Celtic Twilight*. I see he says:

If you would found your work as much as possible on real life you would find it at once easier to write and more powerful in structure. I mean if you would take the class of people you know most of and invent stories not to amuse or startle but to express the truths of their life. Probably you allow yourself to read authors who keep on the surface. If one writes one can hardly ever afford to read anything but old and simple books, or if modern books only the greatest. I am myself going to school to Balzac and have in the last few months read some thirty of his forty volumes. There are things in him, in his description of provincial life, which are or were true of Ireland. We want an equal reality. Those fantastic plots, a product of the contemporary stage, make sincerity almost impossible. A good play must have truth of atmosphere as in poetic writing—or truth of fact or truth of idea (as with Shaw who overflows with theoretical energy) and truth of fact is generally the best to aim for at the start with most writers for the stage.

Perhaps I did wrong in suggesting to you as I think I did not to take peasant life as we had so much of it. Take any life you know and express its reality as your own eyes have seen that reality. To know what one has seen is the greater part of the labour of literature.

Re-reading this letter I feel that the writer was kind to spend time on a

young woman's efforts. There was another letter about a one-act play which was performed after the Fays had left the Abbey. Yeats and Lady Gregory had approved the idea of it—the two old men who fight a duel in an old Dublin house over a wrong that one of them has entirely forgotten. It was intended for a tragedy but the audience decided at once that Arthur Sinclair, Fred O'Donovan and Kerrigan must be engaged in comedy, whatever they might say. As each appeared there were shrieks of laughter and the laughter barely ceased as one old man fell dead from over-excitement when the clock signalled them to shoot. As the author I could have prayed for the boards to rise up and cover me. Not even the sympathy of Yeats and Lady Gregory could salve the hurt of that absurd but miserable moment. "You know Mr. Yeats has had a serious play laughed at," said Lady Gregory. She felt that this must surely comfort me. Indeed in her kindness she asked me to come to her hotel in Nassau Street and go over the play. But I saw no hope for it except as a farce—which the audience had proclaimed it.

At the end of another letter from W. B. Yeats I find this delightful passage: "The lake near Dromahair is wonderfully beautiful. I once walked round Lough Gill, starting at nightfall, trying to sleep in a wood and getting back to Sligo, half dead from lack of sleep and fatigue at noon the next day. I remember the rabbits at sundown and a little after sunrise."

After the Fays had left the Abbey theatre I was still in touch with them. I remember how Willie was thrilled by the air of New York. "In Ireland I feel the world on my back. In New York I can pick it up and carry it." Frank and his brave little wife were living in Dublin with their two children. Life was hard for them for Frank was an artist and easily hurt. His passionate theories about production and stagecraft made him fall out with those who did not share them. I had introduced the two Fay families to my quite untheatrical home. My mother, who liked people for themselves alone, regardless of their fame, took an immediate fancy to the brothers. Willie in looks and speech enchanted her. Frank became her reader-in-chief. On the days when he came to visit us she laid out the books that he was to select for his readings. On one occasion she chose the Book of Isaiah. Frank was charmed and read on and on while supper awaited us in the dining room. It was like the classic story of Carlyle's prolonged reading of the Book of Job at family prayers.

Shakespeare—the right method of speaking his lines—had become almost a phobia with Frank. *Hamlet* was always his chosen example. The subject so agitated and annoyed him that we all determined to keep him off it as long as possible during supper. It became a family game to see how often we could toss the conversational ball to and fro and prevent his getting hold of it to rush it to the Shakespearian goal. Dear Frank! I have never forgotten him as the old man, outside the lighted window in Maeterlinck's *Interior*. His own life had much of tragedy in it.

Willie's, which ended not long ago at a reasonable old age, was a far

appier one. An understanding and intensely vital companion was his wife. In every straitened time she was beside him as working partner and cheerful friend. In 1915 I met him in Manchester. I was V.A.D. at a base hospital and he was playing in *A little bit of fluff*. It seemed an affront to his peculiarly Irish genius. The last time I saw him was in M. Farrell's comedy *Spring Meeting* in which his delightful face appeared at a window where he was the gardener, busy over some job. The weather was freezing in London but his wife was driving him to the theatre from Highgate every night. Yes, his life was a happy one, for he was full of interests and ideas. I remember a drive with him to the Scalp, that Pass between Dublin and Wicklow counties. We sat on one side of an outside car and he expounded to me the secrets of this world and the next. I suppose it was theosophy but I always felt that a faery world would have been homely to him. I remember him best as he is in the portrait by John Butler Yeats in Charlemont House. Just so he looked, full of life, of ideas, of a sound common-sense which he added to a genius that I think he never recognized in himself. He and Frank have left the Abbey theatre tradition that can never be forgotten. Willie's screen personality now survives him in that fine film *Odd Man Out*.

Wonderful actors like F. McCormick passed their life in the service of the Abbey. Mr. Dolan is still there, I believe, the ideal Irish priest or schoolmaster. For me he marks another unforgettable stage adventure, the presentation of *Noah*. I had known from babyhood all about Noah, a little wooden man in a round hat, who captained an ark full of wooden animals whose paint one must not suck. But this Noah, that Mr. Dolan showed us, was one of the heroic figures of history, the man who stood at the turn of the ways. From Ararat the roads divided; his three sons went in different directions to generate warring races. And now the beasts were no longer the friends of man. Suspicion and hatred sent Noah's friendly beasts away to their jungles. Alone and tragic I see Noah standing there. And even the incomparable Maureen Daly, but of course she was Mrs. Noah, had left him spiritually unfriended.

It may be the influence of the old morgue that became a playhouse, but at no other theatre is there such a volcanic muttering. Fierce criticism sweeps its stage and a battle may break out, like that at the "Playboy". How Willie Fay enjoyed that fight! He described it with exquisite zest. Or some young poet may rise and denounce the management and bid his followers to leave the theatre. I remember in old days a pungent criticism of one of the directors made by a girl in the company. "I tell you what he's like," she said. "If he was sitting on one side of God Almighty, and he saw a plum he wanted the other side he'd stretch across and take it and never ask God's pardon."

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THE MAKING OF AMERICA

By H. G. NICHOLAS

THIS massive pair of volumes* constitutes a formidable specimen of that unexciting literary *genre*, the anthology of historical source material. Designed presumably for American college students, it consists, in equal parts, of extracts from literature or documents and of brief commentaries and connecting narratives. It spans American history from Queen Elizabeth to Wendell Willkie and it ranges over constitutional, economic, social, political and foreign fields.

The book, the authors write, "has grown out of the requirements of the Contemporary Civilization course at Columbia College." But despite its fullness and length, what strikes one most is its inadequacy as an introduction to contemporary civilization. What has it to offer on the problem of culture in a machine-ridden society? A few paragraphs from Tocqueville and André Siegfried. Or on the paradox of American strength and American psychological insecurity? Nothing much more relevant than Emerson on *Nature* or Whitman's *Democratic Vistas*. Or on the enigma of a pacifically minded people involved in two world wars within one generation? Only the stock quotations from Wilson, Roosevelt and Charles Beard (as unregenerate isolationist), plus echoes of the old myth that the superior efficiency of British propaganda did its bit as well. Professor Hacker quotes and endorses the deep-seated American conviction of their own uniqueness, that affirmation which paradoxically receives its most characteristic expression in the negative epithet 'un-American'. But he does not ask the question which naturally stems from this phenomenon—what is it that makes Americans so self-conscious of this uniqueness, what inspires them at once with the conviction that they are and with the determination that they ought to be "the last, best hope of earth"? Above all what inspires this most idealistic of peoples with the restlessness that strikes all foreign observers and the diffidence that is borne in upon themselves?

These questions are the very warp and woof of American history. If he had included amongst his documents Lincoln's Second Inaugural he would have found there an almost perfect expression of an American's awareness of the tragic paradox lying at the heart of the long four years of civil war and suffering.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. . . . The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully.

(Not the least inexplicable feature of Professor Hacker's selection, incidentally, is his restriction of Lincoln items to the famous reply to Greeley and the Emancipation Proclamation.) His view of the American story sees it as a success story—a continent conquered, a democracy established, poverty progressively eliminated, opportunity opened to all, two world wars fought and won. Correspondingly, it is in the same terms that he interprets the American uniqueness which he acclaims—by contrast with other continents still imperfectly moulded to their inhabitants' uses, with other democracies still encrusted with privilege or shackled with abuses, with poverty-stricken multitudes dependent upon America for their very means of subsistence, with

**The Shaping of The American Tradition*, by Louis M. Hacker and Helene S. Zahler. Columbia University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 42s.

police States where opportunity is a reward for party services, with all those regions of the world still torn by war or the aftermath of war. Such a picture is an impressive one, but it is not the whole American story. It puts into strange perspective, for example, that great catastrophe which Professor Hacker denominates the Second American Revolution, more often known as the American Civil War. As exhibited in these pages it becomes a matter of party platforms, Negro emancipation, Homestead Acts and the Tariff. The war itself, the four-year spilling of brothers' blood, the fighting whose memory haunted Mr. Justice Holmes from the moment of the wound at Ball's Bluff to his deathbed seventy years later—these realities are curiously absent from his pages, although their mark is still visible beneath the surface of American life.

Possibly the reason for Professor Hacker's reluctance to do justice to these irrational, wasteful, negative realities in American history is that he is himself a true child of the eighteenth century America of the enlightenment, a kind of Benjamin Franklin anchored in a firm belief in economic man, not of course as a sordid money-grubber, but as a human being whose material development and cultural progress will go hand in hand, *must* indeed so proceed, if they are to advance at all. Success has not gone sour in his mouth. He can accept the Andrew Carnegie who preaches the doctrine of wealth as service without feeling impelled to ask what became of that earlier Carnegie, who was going to retire at thirty-five, "settle in Oxford and get a thorough education, making the acquaintance of literary men." He is not even too worried by the philistinism of the 1920's—deplorable of course, but a mere interlude before the energizing drafts of the New Deal.

It is not surprising, consequently, that this collection has most of interest and freshness to offer in its economic sections. These are very full and contain not merely much raw material for the study of economic development—for example, the 1851 prospectuses of the Illinois Central Railroad—but also a most interesting and representative set of samples of American economic theory as it developed from mercantilism down to the New Deal. It is probably not fanciful to detect some indebtedness here to the work of another Columbia historian, Professor Dorfman, whose monumental *Economic Mind in American Civilization* recently laid bare every detail about pre-Civil War American economic thought. Nor does Professor Hacker stop with native economists. Not the least interesting items in his gallery are the extracts from Cairnes's *Principles of Political Economy*, warning the U.S.A. in 1874 of the dire consequences of a protective tariff, and Sir George Paish's attempt in 1910 to instruct Congress in the fundamentals of the American balance of trade. And it is from the unbiased Mr. Colin Clark's *Conditions of Economic Progress* that he draws the most convincing testimony to the remarkable superiority of American productivity.

There is one factor in American development, both economic and social, which one would have expected, on Professor Hacker's own historical valuation, to find treated at greater length. That is immigration. The second volume does indeed present a fascinating reprint from a pamphlet called *Minnesota, the Empire State of the New Northwest*, which is a striking sample of the promotional literature that the Western states distributed in the overcrowded cities and villages of central Europe after the Civil War. It also quotes from a typical speech by Henry Cabot Lodge advocating congressional restrictions on 'the new immigration' before the old American stock is submerged beneath the 'non-Teutonic' elements of Latin and Slav Europe. But considering the rôle that immigration has played in American development, that the whole history of the country is, viewed in one aspect, a history of continuous immigration, this is hardly enough. The processes of translation and adjustment from Old World to New have been described in a rich and vivid literature, that ranges from John Smith's *Virginia* to Louis Adamic's *Return of the Native*. A judicious selection from them would have helped considerably to make comprehensible that phenomenon of Europe-in-America (sometimes even of Israel-in-Babylon) which accounts for so much

United States history and policy.

But to supply all these desiderata, Professor Hacker would have to have added another volume to his existing two. Surely, he might retort, there is richness enough here for the average student? And indeed there is. Perhaps, when all criticism has been made, one should end on a note of thankfulness for the variety these volumes contain. Roebuck's audience with Napoleon III, Lilienthal's concept of T.V.A., Commodore Perry's opening up of Japan, Roger Williams's *Bloudy Tenent of Persecution*, Pecora's *Wall Street under Oath*—these and much more may not be the whole of American history, but they are a pretty rich *smorgasbord* to the full meal.

SOCIALISM OF THE WEST, by Leo Moulin. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

OPERATION MOSCOW, by Christopher Norborg. *Latimer House*. 15s.

GREAT BRITAIN, THE UNITED STATES AND THE FUTURE, by J. E. Tyler. *Stevens*. 8s.

THE YEAR BOOK OF WORLD AFFAIRS, 1947. *Stevens*. 20s.

In these days of paper shortage and long delays in publication there is a strong case, one would think, for publishers in concert imposing a taboo on wordy analyses and interpretations of world events. Time marches on with giant strides, and the intelligent perception of one year or month becomes the commonplace of the morrow. But publishers are fallible mortals and peculiarly refractory to united action. Mr. Gollancz is still a chief offender. I find it difficult to believe that the publication to-day of such a book as *Socialism of the West* can be justified: it is the author's own abridgment of a work published in Belgium, adequately translated by Alfred Heron.

That there is a great gulf between democracy and Socialism in the Continental acceptance of the terms and our own social democracy is a well known fact, which few Englishmen concerned with these matters can fail to appreciate. And the antithesis between the "communal" régime and the totalitarian scarcely needs underlining. M. Moulin runs the whole gamut of abstractions and -isms in order to state his case for what he calls a new social humanism or personalism. First he traces the birth and destiny of "individualism" originating in the Renais-

sance and translated by Rousseau into a principle of inordinacy (*démessure*) which the Romantics and the rationalists in their different ways upheld; then he depicts the anarchy of the twentieth century to which all this led, in the economic, political, social, international and spiritual spheres; and finally proceeds to define his conception of man as a Person on which can be built the kind of Socialism which answers to the living traditions of the west and the present needs of Europe. What he has to say is sound and sensible enough beneath the cloak of verbiage, and on Continental socialists it may exercise a salutary influence.

Operation Moscow, an American contribution, suffers not so much from verbiage and abstraction as from the time-lag. Although dated 1947 the pattern of development which the author discerns has been largely overtaken by events: we are all conscious to-day, his own fellow-countrymen not least, of the need for a positive answer by all the peoples of the west in a united effort to the challenge from the U.S.S.R. Mr. Norborg, accepting the fact that action through the United Nations is estopped by the veto, calls for "a frank, firm and manly policy" grounded in Article 51, the collective self-defence article, of the Charter. He visualizes the operation of power in the world—that power which is the basis of all peace, *pax* the pacifists—through four regional police authorities; the American Regional Authority, the Soviet Regional Authority, the Atlantic Regional Authority and the Pacific Regional Authority. To-day the necessary "firm union of the United

States and Western Europe in a single Atlantic Regional Authority" is on the way to accomplishment; in the hard school of experience we are learning "the technique of world peace enforcement."

Mr. Tyler's little book, which makes no pretensions to being apocalyptic, also reads strangely in the light of the prodigious advance in American awareness since it was written (in 1946). Originally planned as a study of Anglo-American relations it became inevitably in the writing a matter of measuring U.S. and Russian power. The world-problem to-day, as he says, replacing that of Germany is "that of Russia's forceful re-entry from the wings on to the centre of the stage." It means that the U.S. must assume heavy responsibilities for which she is ill-prepared. When Mr. Tyler wrote, the required policy could well enough be described in terms of hemispheric defence *plus*—security preoccupations in the Arctic and a readiness "to pay the constant price of Admiralty." Actually America has a far more difficult row to hoe, she has to face the fact that she has a large stake, too, in Europe, while the west as a whole cannot afford to overlook the "huge political vacuum" in east and south-east Asia. Mr. Tyler is an unexciting writer, but he makes his points clear. He is Senior Lecturer in Modern History in the University of Sheffield. The book is published under the auspices of the London Institute of World Affairs, now established by its parents, Professor Keeton and Dr. Schwarzenberger, as a worthy successor to the original New Commonwealth Institute.

This Institute publishes a quarterly periodical which contains articles by recognized authorities, with a greater parade of scholarship than, for example, the Royal Institute of International Affairs (Chatham House). It has now also initiated a series of Year Books, of which the one under notice is the first. Two meaty contributions on the Soviet Union head the list of articles, one on

"Permanent Features of Russian Foreign Policy" by Dr. W. Gurian of Notre Dame University, Indiana, the other, on western and Soviet democracy, by Dr. R. Schlesinger, the author of "Soviet Legal Theory." They are followed by a somewhat slighter piece on Czechoslovakia by A. G. Bettany, Reuter's correspondent in Prague. Other subjects covered are "The Communal Problem in India" by the India Secretary of the Church Missionary Society; "Nationalism in Eastern Asia" by Professor G. W. Keeton himself; "The Problem of Tangier" by a Californian Professor of Political Science; "The International Red Cross" by Dr. L. Ledermann, its Director of Information and a Lecturer in the University of Geneva, and "The Future of International Economic Institutions" by Professor A. G. B. Fisher, formerly of Chatham House. A number of Reports on World Affairs—extensive book reviews—complete a notable volume.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

MODERN TRENDS IN ISLAM, by H. A. R. Gibb. *The University of Chicago Press: Cambridge University Press.* 14s.

This scholarly book comprises the series of Haskell Lectures in Comparative Religion given by Professor Gibb at the University of Chicago in 1945. It sets out in six chapters the present diversity of Muslim thought about the interpretation of the teachings of Mohammed in the Koran. There is no diversity as to the inspiration of these teachings. "By all Muslims of Mohammed's own time and of later ages, they were taken to be the direct word of God dictated to him through the Angel Gabriel." Thus neither the voice of God nor the voice of the Prophet are challenged. But diversity of thought does arise on a third count—the principle of IJMA, the "consensus of the community"; that is the application to the religious and social life of every Muslim of the tenets of the Koran. It is over their interpretation that the conservative and moderniz-

ing wings in Islam have been at growing variance especially since the beginning of the eighteenth century.

Professor Gibb traces the controversy from the reformist puritanical movement of Mohammed Ibn Abd al Wahhab in 1750 which was crushed because, "its violently hostile attitude towards the other orthodox schools crossed, in fact if not in theory, the line separating orthodoxy from heresy." The powerful revival of the Wahhabi movement under King Abd el Aziz Ibn Saud, however, "showed in practice a greater tolerance." Outstanding between these two Middle East Wahhabi movements towards puritanism came the mission of the great Egyptian Sheikh, Mohammed Abdu of Al Azhar University in Cairo. His programme included not only the purification of Islam from corrupting influences and practices and the defence of Islam against European influences and Christian attacks, but also—on modernizing lines—the re-formulation of Islamic doctrine in the light of modern thought and the reformation of Muslim higher education.

Al Azhar is the greatest Muslim university in the world; but to-day in Cairo and Alexandria there are two rival secular foundations with modern and westernized curricula—the universities of King Fuad and King Farouk. Al Azhar had been deeply affected by Sheikh Mohammed Abdu's programme and is moving slowly and perhaps reluctantly towards modernization of method and in 1936 revised its programme of studies into three faculties—Islamic law, religious sciences, and Arabic language. Even more striking evidence of this trend towards modernism lies in the foundation of such secular bodies as the Muslim Association of Modern Youth which has branches in Syria and Iraq as well as in Egypt.

Professor Gibb deals fully with all such outward signs of change both in the Middle East and in India and in his four concluding chapters discusses their implications for Islam from a religious, legal and social aspect. His book is a

timely publication; for in the two years since he lectured in Chicago much water has flowed under the bridges of the Nile and the Indus. Modern ideologies are to-day having a sharp impact on Islam and it is only a few months ago that Egyptian demonstrators, led by students, were including in their street slogans the ominous cry: "No Islam after to-day." Modern trends in Islam are indeed even more modern to-day than they were in 1945.

OWEN TWEEDY

THE BACKGROUND OF EASTERN POWER, by F. B. Eldridge. *Phoenix House*. 18s.

It is claimed for the author of this book, an Instructor in History at the Royal Australian Naval College, that he "has studied a mass of material hitherto only available in a vast number of scattered, and often expensive and inaccessible publications." This is evidently true. It is admitted by Mr. Eldridge himself, on the other hand, that the book contains nothing new or original; and this also is true.

The specialist, therefore, in oriental or maritime history will find little in the volume to interest him. The general reader, however, should find the book both instructive and entertaining, even if the scope of the story—which ranges from Arabia to Panama and from prehistoric Polynesia to the year 1763—produces symptoms of overcrowding towards the end. Much space is rightly given to the conflicts of the Ancient East, including those in progress when the Portuguese arrived. It was the Koreans who defeated Hideyoshi's fleet in 1592, teaching the Japanese a lesson which the Spaniards had learnt, at as heavy a cost, in 1588. But, more modern than the Elizabethans, the Korean Admiral employed an ironclad, impervious to missiles, which rammed her opponents one by one. As fascinating again is the story of the Portuguese seamen with

"the pumps in their hands and the Virgin Mary in their mouths" who conquered and lost their Empire with almost equal speed.

Perhaps the author is at his best in describing the early rivalry of Dutch and English. He quotes the first English Ambassador to the Mogul as concluding : "Let this be received as a rule that if you will profit, seek it at sea, and in quiet trade ; for without controversies it is an error to affect garrisons and land wars in India." It may be that events have proved him right. By contrast with a readable text, the bibliography of this book is useless and the illustrations mostly unhelpful. Readers would do well, moreover, to retain the dust-cover, for the cloth-binding is hideous.

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON.

GOD WAS IN CHRIST, by D. M. Baillie.

Faber & Faber, 16s.

In what sense is Christianity a historical religion ? Does it stand or fall with the factual occurrence of certain events in Palestine at the beginning of our era ?

The Greeks thought that the cosmos pulsates slowly back and forth in never ending recurrence. The Jews, and traditional Christianity, that God governs by occasional *coups d'état*. The last century believed—Catholics call it the last western heresy—that the universe is automatically evolving in a desirable direction, and that God, the soul of the world, is evolving with it, doomed presumably to share its fate, if the law of entropy is true.

Is the Jesus of history the same as the object of Christian worship ? The attempt to recover, by criticisms of the records, an authentic portrait of "the Prophet of Nazareth in Galilee" is a modern quest. Lives of Jesus have poured from the press, most of them with an ominous likeness to the ideal hero as conceived by the authors, English, French, German or American. The records were rationalized ; the picture which emerged was of a supreme moral teacher and example for the

modern man. This Liberal Protestantism, of which Harnack was the most famous exponent, was attacked by Loisy as unhistorical. We must acknowledge, he said, "*comme deux Christs* a Galilean peasant of limited intelligence" and the Christ of Catholic Christianity. The institutional Church thus took the place of the incarnation ; Loisy hoped that he had put Canute's chair safe above high-water mark. The Church indignantly rejected this strange champion, who moved further and further to the left. But destructive criticism of the Gospels was carried on by some scholars who claimed to be Christians. We need not consider the absurd theory that Jesus never existed at all. There was certainly a wandering prophet who was executed as a political agitator. But if He was such a one as Loisy supposed ; if He went about predicting an apocalyptic end of the age ; if He hoped to make a revolution at Jerusalem with the help of a few unarmed peasants and women, it really does not matter to us whether He existed or not. In that case Jesus, as the founder of a religion, belongs not to the class of Buddha and Mohammed, but to that of Mithra and Osiris. The suggestion is that in the apostolic age the Church made Him (as Samuel Butler hints) a peg on which to hang their own best thoughts, and that the synoptic Gospels represent not history but homiletics and apologetics. This is the conclusion of the German form-critics.

It is difficult to reconcile this theory with the undoubted fact that almost immediately after His ignominious death His disciples were worshipping Him with the highest honours they could think of, the Jewish Christians as the Messiah, a claim which in my opinion He never made for Himself, the Gentiles as the Lord, the Saviour-God of their mysteries. This is surely unaccountable unless He had made an overwhelming impression upon those who had known Him. Equally striking is the fact that St. Paul, a religious genius of the first rank, never hesitated in identifying the Holy Spirit

who dwelt within him with the Spirit of the glorified Christ.

Professor Baillie agrees, on the whole. But instead of following the *philosophia perennis*, which by recognizing the affinity of the Pauline *pneuma* with the *Nous* of the Greeks and the Infinite Self, the *otman*, of the Indians, is bringing together Catholics and Protestants, Christians and Buddhists, he has steeped himself in Barth, Brunner, Bultmann, Tillich and Hoskyns. Those who prefer another approach to the great mysteries will nevertheless value this careful and discriminating discussion of a school of thought which at least on the Continent is receiving much attention. The text "God was in Christ," is acceptable to all.

W. R. INGE.

THEOLOGY AND THE ATOMIC AGE, by D. R. Davies. *Latimer House*. 5s.

THE SIZE OF LIFE, by J. P. Murphy. *Longmans, Green*. 7s. 6d.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S PRAYERS, S.C.M. Press. 6s.

Both Mr. D. R. Davies and Dr. J. P. Murphy are concerned with the same familiar theme: the crisis in scientific humanism. Ever since the Renaissance man has sought to create his own material Utopia in this world, confident that the nearer he could get to this the more all else would be added unto him. In actual fact, the nearer he has by his harnessing of natural forces got to the material ideal of security and plenty the more have grown his actual distresses and insecurity until to-day the release of atomic energy, potentially his supreme triumph, threatens him with literal extinction. He has tried, and signally failed, to live by bread alone: only a return to the Word of God can save him.

But their treatment of this theme varies profoundly. Mr. Davies's, as ever, is broad, easily flowing and social; his conclusion is that this atomic era is quite literally Apocalyptic, in which the too long-neglected warnings of the con-

summation of the age in fire and destruction may come true at any moment, and that the Christian Church must return to the tense, 'on its toes' frame of mind of its earliest days. This alone may by the grace of God enable man to stave off the final cataclysm or, if it does occur (which he himself believes to be the lesser probability) can give him the right mind in which to meet it.

Dr. Murphy's approach is more individual. In his first three chapters he proceeds to the "size"-ing up of wordly appearances by the spiritual realities which underlie them. Material things are really quite secondary, for their very existence is derived from that of God; art is, in the last resort, an expression of man's God-given conscience; and as to science, the most real one is theology for it deals with the only, because revealed, certainty which is God, whereas physics, chemistry, etc., are necessarily but man's tentative gropings in the world around him. In his fourth chapter, which is half the length and of the same title as the book, he proceeds to vindicate this spiritual "size"-ing of all things by a close-knit and vigorous exposition of now almost old-fashioned apologetics and to demonstrate to his own complete scientific satisfaction that the Church of Rome can alone "size" life for all men and that of all spurious substitutes (though he does not specifically mention either) the Anglican Church is the most deplorable. This is the real point of the whole book, which ends with a hope, no more, "the travail of the times may be but transient" and the consoling thought that "atomic bursts, gigantic though they be, still take the form of a giant mushroom."

The chief merit of both books will lie in the thinking they are likely to produce in the reader rather than in their own intrinsic argument. Mr. Davies's general survey of the situation, and in particular his chapter on the cult of power, is excellent; Dr. Murphy's earlier chapters, although at times rather awkward in verbiage, are provocative in rather an amusing way. Most people

seek to avoid any kind of thought on a dread issue before which they feel helpless; it will be all to the good if these books help them to cast away that fear.

Dr. Johnson's Prayers form an admirable collection. They are personal in the best sense, covering not only his difficulties and temptations but also his health, his birthdays and other special occasions, his friends (by name) and including much of thanksgiving; they are the prayers of a great man walking humbly before God and, apart from their own interest and worth, may suggest a like pattern for the reader's own prayers.

JOHN HALET.

THE CHARACTER OF ENGLAND,
edited by Ernest Barker. *Oxford University Press.* 30s.

Sir Ernest Barker has gathered together a distinguished collection of authors to describe the character of England; the resulting volume—beautifully illustrated throughout—takes its place with the well-known Oxford University Press volumes on *Shakespeare's England*, *Johnson's England*, and *Early Victorian England*. But its scope is wider than these in that, although the book is designed as a monument to the England of to-day, the portrait is of England without reference to any specific point of time.

Those who do not like *symposia* (and they are many) may not be disarmed by the Editor's Aristotelian quotation in the introduction: "Feasts to which many contribute may excel those provided at one man's expense"; but they will be generous enough to recognize the quality of the contributors who, if not always those one would have chosen (Bernard Darwin is surely much missed in a volume like this), are without exception distinguished authorities on the twenty-six aspects they severally present.

It is not surprising that such a book, representing so many individual points of view, is unequal; nor that it startles

from time to time by the dogmatic expression of thoughts that scarcely command universal or even fellow-contributors' assent. Such expressions, however, are stimulating in themselves, the most striking perhaps being Mr. I. J. Pitman's assertion that: "To this day not only every boy, but every parent and friend, would prefer—and fortunately evidence shows that the two need not be exclusive—a school career to end as Captain of Games than as Captain of the School." Many will no doubt prefer the authority of Captain C. B. Fry (perhaps the greatest example of the truth of Mr. Pitman's parenthesis) when he says in his delightful autobiography *Life Worth Living*! : "One of the points that strikes me most in looking back on the six years I spent at this very English Public School, which for the last eighty years at least has been one of the most successful not only in scholastic achievement but also in games and athletics, is that the popular notion of a Public School as mainly a home of hero-worship in the latter department is a fiction . . . there is no doubt at all that the eminent lights of the Upper Sixth and the winners of the School prizes figured on the whole as more important persons in public estimation than the successful gamesters."

As for the other contributions one must single out for special attention a chapter of greater interest to the ordinary Englishman to-day than it would be at any other time—Mr. Richard Law's brilliant contribution on "The Individual and the Community." But in a final summing up Sir Ernest confesses to a shiver of doubt as to what the immediate future will bring. Is his portrait one of England as she is to-day (or even as she was yesterday), and may it not be falsified to-morrow? Will the permanent elements amid change persist in the England of the future? These constants Sir Ernest lists as social homogeneity, the vogue of the amateur, the idea of the gentleman, the voluntary habit, eccentricity, and youthfulness with its companion love of nonsense.

Changes have been great, and the pace of them almost faster than one can follow, yet the great qualities that have gone to make up the character of England will not surely vanish. One may conclude in the hope, and even in the belief, that the Editor is right in his final judgment: "Nor are the habits of a nation and its silent sense of its own way of life, so easily sloughed, even at the call of pure reason . . . this long slow movement of the character of England—has it not something enduring?"

J. F. BURNET

AFTER BATTLE, by James Monahan.

Macmillan. 5s.

CAGE & WING, by Frank Kendon.

Cambridge University Press. 2s.

Mr. Monahan's second book of poems allows, even encourages, a further and deeper examination of his work than his first volume, *Far from the Land*, which was written more closely to the war. *After Battle* is also affected by war, for the poetic digestion chews a slow cud, but in a number of these poems he is writing in, and out of, the peaceful atmosphere of a home which is the sweeter by contrast with the hardships of war.

Technically he maintains his former excellence: rhyme is an unobtrusive tool of his craft and his metres while careful, follow the stresses of speech and sense so that his communications flow easily into the mind of the reader. His ideas are rich and his images strictly his own. Deeper than the level of his mechanics there is apparent a sense of pattern which may yet prove the strongest of his poetic characteristics. Just as a good landscape painter paints his scene with a consciousness of a basic pattern, almost as if land were flesh moulded about the bones of a formative body, so there is pattern in each poem. The imagery, as well as the subject matter, moves in symmetric lines, and with considerable visual quality. His horse in "The Running of the Black Horse" strikes attitudes as it rears or runs and the arch of neck,

lift of leg, the whole line of the moving horse, are conveyed in a series of mind-pictures. Side by side with the run of the horse, running with it in close harness indeed, is his romance which, in its turn, is outspanned by allegory.

Every true poet has a deeper, a basic pattern, sometimes stated openly, more often implicit in almost all his poems, however varied his immediate subject-matter. In Mr. Monahan's work this larger, underall poetic trend—so fundamental as to suggest the basic concept of the poet himself, is one of ultimate peace. Again and again through this book a single image, even a single word, opens up the view beyond the immediate province of the poem to peace in the end. There is an almost sensuous association of words when he speaks of rest—a compensating starkness when he deals with violence.

Attacking war as an evil yet, perforce, accepting it as a fact—as indeed every man in it had to accept it or deny his daily life—he sees it from differing angles. Violent death he shows in its horror, peace won at grisly cost. Of the F.F.I. of the Marne, however, in "Resistance", he writes with warm sympathy. He has a feeling for France, a feeling which, in a poet, is bound ultimately to be a feeling for her people. His French resistance troops reflect much of the poet's own Englishness—but they reflect it through a French glass. Between the true French resistance forces and the Englishmen who were with them in the time of their effort and their greatness, there was a bond which no press-fostered differences disturbed. After their years of secret resistance they came proudly in the uniform of mere armlets and they are caught in the poem

to rule fat acres,

or openly or secretly, that fed us
although we neither reaped nor drove a plough
to live like this—why was it not to be
a little bit like ragged emperors?

and then, and here is the language of men who understand one another and talk together with the unsaid pressing through the surface of the said:

Let them remember
our arms not blindly biddable, our legions

like briars spread through Europe's undergrowth . . .

Can we, I wonder, ever live with laws ?

In "Perambulator", through eyes extra perceptive for having seen that which denied the home and its rights, the poet is warm yet dignified, romantic yet never unreasonable.

Mr. Kendon works with more maturity of outlook. In *Cage and Wing*, we recognize his familiar dignity of technique, his humility and his belief in ultimate salvation. In this short sequence he is perhaps at his best when he catches the quality of both his poetry and his mind with :

Sloping sunbeams fall to sleep across
The tombs of centuries.

A bell in the stone tree-tops hides its hour
away.

Out of the stealth of solemn thought within
A smouldering organ-wisdom rises.

In the setting of quietness and peace Mr. Kendon moves quietly and with the complete assurance of one who knows that he belongs there.

JOHN ARLOTT.

COME TO THE OPERA !, by

Stephen Williams. *Hutchinson*. 12s. 6d.

MESSIAH, by Julian Herbage, and

THE GOLDEN AGE OF VIENNA,

by Hans Gal. *Max Parrish*. 6s. each.

Mr. Stephens Williams was perhaps wise in choosing only the more well-known operas for inclusion in his *Come to the Opera !* His experience of the subject and of its associated arts is known to be wide, and so to have limited his scope to fifty-seven operas implies no more than lack of space. Those desirous of quickly gaining information and "background" before going to the opera are almost certain to find it here. That is the strictly utilitarian purpose which the author had in mind, as he explains in his Prologue, amusingly though unaccountably couched in doggerel verse. It is, in fact, a guide book.

Mr. Williams's method is to summarize the story of each opera in a style that is free from fussiness. At all times the musical connections are kept before the

reader—unlike the common book of plots—and music-type illustrations draw attention to the highlights of the score.

Wagner gets most space and about this it is unreasonable to grumble. In Mr. Williams's view the incipient Wagnerite should not at first bother overmuch about the *leitmotivs*, and thus they have little mention in his book. Leaving technique to the specialist guide, he remarks, "Wagner was full of theories. He was also full of music"—pertinent observation, typical of his approach throughout the book, and expressed clearly in the appreciation of each work. Here his infectious ardour, while not blind to operatic absurdities, leads us straight to the heart of that queer mixture which is opera.

Sir Thomas Beecham has written the Foreword in familiar vein, and appears to welcome with relish another opportunity to become vocal on the subject of British musical life. He says : "We have touched rock bottom, and if we are to have opera again of any consequence we shall have to rebuild from a crude beginning." No doubt our standards have fallen, but the current revival, on an unprecedented scale, of interest in all kinds of music may provide excellent material on which to build a more secure foundation. There is the right stuff in this book to appeal to this new public, and to encourage its interest along sound lines.

The emphasis is on beautiful book production in *Messiah* and *The Golden Age of Vienna*, which are the first two titles in "The World of Music". This series promises well if sustained at the initial level. Both authors are well-known authorities ; Mr. Herbage prepared an edition of the *Messiah* for the B.B.C., and Mr. Gal is a distinguished Austrian musician now lecturer at Edinburgh University. The latter's book is of exceptional fascination, covering a period of intense and varied artistic activity. The colour illustrations to both volumes are superb.

PHILIP H. MORRIS.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Memory is busy with the Irene Hentschel production of *Candida* in 1937 where Marchbanks, reminded by *Candida* that when she is seventy-five he will be sixty, flung out his hands and said: "In a hundred years, we shall be the same age." Stephen Haggard's dart and swoop kind of acting fitted the "excessive nervous force" of the Shaw character because he was a dart and swoop kind of person. This boy and his restless prancings—jerky, awkward, yet light as summer air and as free from loutishness—shows clear in Christopher Hassall's *THE TIMELESS QUEST* (*Arthur Barker*, 15s.). Unblurred by the pity of early death, this 'life' by a discerning friend is a true memorial of the actor, teacher, novelist, poet, dramatist and soldier whose powers were as elusive as his personality and as hard to assess; in his activities, as the author says, "time brought him assurance but not wider scope." The last words he wrote were in his poem "Lotus" published in *THE FORTNIGHTLY* in 1943, and Christopher Hassall, by allowing sufficient time to lapse, has made his own and the judgments of the many other discriminating people who discuss Haggard here, all the more valuable. Perhaps Mr. Shaw's description of Marchbanks, rather than the Carlyle quotation, might have graced the introductory page:

He is so uncommon as to be almost unearthly; and to prosaic people there is something noxious in this unearthliness, just as to poetic people there is something angelic in it.

Going places

An actor-writer who happily has lived long enough to fulfil all early promise is Russell Thorndike. It was to be expected that *IN THE STEPS OF SHAKESPEARE* (*Rich & Cowan*, 12s. 6d.) traced by such an eminent Shakespearean player (though it is important to remember his scope: was he not the first Peer Gynt, and one of the most distinguished, in this country?) would be rewarding, but how good a commen-

tary it is must not be missed by anyone who might be 'put off' by the honest simplicity of the title. The style, too, has the same characteristic, and should not blind any reader to the erudition of the author's research. Such a guide book, with twenty-four photographs of places as well, is a remarkable by-product of one who might have been well content to remain the interpreter of the mind of Shakespeare and eschew his topography. It should occupy a niche very near the plays on the bookshelf and be well thumbed before they are seen in the flesh.

Painter and planner

And one of the many reproductions in *JOHN MARTIN 1789-1854: His Life and Works*, by Thomas Balston (*Gerald Duckworth*, 25s.), is of Macbeth and Banquo, two small figures with the soldiers following on a lower road standing against a background of mountains and stormy sky, which the artist with justification called one of his most successful landscapes. This biography puts the neglected Martin back among the Lawrences, Constables, Turners and Wilkies of his day. He excelled in the range that crowded canvases like "Joshua commanding the sun to stand still", "The fall of Babylon" and "The Deluge" allowed him and it is not surprising that "Belshazzar's Feast" was "the most famous picture of his age"; the illustration indicates the miracle of detail this was. He seems to have been equally at home with *Paradise Lost* and Queen Victoria's coronation ceremony and, as an early town planner, knew all about pure water supply and sewage disposal. Mr. Balston has documented his work exhaustively with lists of paintings, engravings and pamphlets and has made of the whole an important addition to the study course of those who would learn more of the history of English art.

Adam and others

And for those who never tire of the history of English architecture *Batsford*

adds two more to its long list of books on the subject: *THE AGE OF ADAM* by James Lees-Milne (21s.) and *STUART AND GEORGIAN CHURCHES: Outside London 1603 to 1837*, by Marcus Whiffen (18s.). They make a pleasant proximity of interiors and exteriors and, if not complementary, they stimulate speculation in each other's respective fields as, for instance, the suggestion that Robert Adam might have excelled at church design had more opportunities come his way. Mr. Whiffen's avowed purpose is to show something of the quality of the often despised churches outside London, and he says, "the tradition of ecclesiastical building from Elizabeth to Victoria can be studied in its full continuity and variety only in the provinces." The other book is a looking backward; "upon delicious tides of retrogression, away from the present quagmire of existence" groans Mr. Lees-Milne, and he certainly succeeds in rescuing eighteenth century 'elegance' and 'tone' from fashionable sneers. Both volumes are in the *Batsford* succession of good and comprehensive 'picture-books'.

The countryman

Nature's architecture in the woods calls forth some of the most acute observation of Richard Jefferies in *CHRONICLES OF THE HEDGES*, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Samuel J. Looker (*Phoenix House*, 12s. 6d.). The book, illustrated by the delicate pencil drawings of the author and his uncle John Lockett Jefferies, is made up of essays and notebook jottings, hitherto published only in periodicals which range from *The Times* to the *Live Stock Journal*, and is obviously the pride and joy of its editor who, being an authority on the naturalist, now gives this new collection to the world. Maybe it is churlish to wonder if the great man is best served by admirers who revere every crumb because it falls from his table. Some of the pieces here on country life in sight, sound and feeling are admirable. Others are not; the long essay called "A Defence of Sport",

for example, is ingenious but unconvincing. The notes on London too are trite in thought and expression. However, there is much to commend in this book and a few drops of faint praise cannot damp the ardour of Jefferies addicts like Mr. Looker.

Essays in the urbane

Those towering sycamores and chestnut trees
That in our garden up at Hampstead grew
May once have been a part

Of some fine eighteenth-century avenue,

And still my mind's eye sees

Their majesty of branches, felled so long ago

sighs Clifford Bax in *ROSEMARY FOR REMEMBRANCE* (*Frederick Muller*, 12s. 6d.), a book to be put figuratively and actually alongside *Evenings in Albany*, a favourite of 1942. Now the author continues from the same address his reminiscences and criticism of life and ideas. His stories, especially of the autobiographical kind, that is told at first hand, are full of the same good-humoured malice; he can laugh without stinging—in fact, if he will forgive the pun, he is *The rose without a thorn*. And his 'thumbnail' sketches are portraits not caricatures: anyone who knows that "poet-detective" cum B.B.C. cricket commentator will smile affectionately at "John Arlott, mournful and infuriated" but "not wholly quenched, with burning eyes pelting to the House of Commons..." Mr. Bax unconsciously invites his readers to share his fun, his enthusiasms—and his scholarship—and this is one of the secrets of his charm as a writer.

The cult of Lawrence

How long ago it seems since we struggled to find the secret of the works of D. H. Lawrence! As long ago indeed as when Mr. Aldous Huxley's mission was to tell a tale of people he detested and before Mr. Middleton Murry forsook first rate criticism for windmill political theory. Heigho! They and Dorothy Brett, the Brewsters, Catherine Carswell, Edward Garnett, 'Kot', Katherine Mansfield and Mabel Dodge Sterne were some of those who helped us make up our minds on Lawrence's work and relationships. Now The Frieda

Lawrence Collection of D. H. LAWRENCE MANUSCRIPTS comes from America edited by E. W. Tedlock, Jr. (*University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque.* \$3.50) and with a grateful Foreword from his wife. She says: "I have been waiting for Lawrence to come into his own in America. Not only for a handful of the supercultured to admire his brilliant writing, but for the love and truth (O abused unhappy words) in him to rouse the love and truth in many others, and now I see a beginning." It is fair to say that in England even the "supercultured" no longer feel unanimous about the brilliance of his writing but that most ordinary people interested in style would unhesitatingly acclaim his share in the evolution of the short story form, and that one at least still reads his 'travel' books, such as *Mornings in Mexico*, with undiminished pleasure. This is not to detract from the completeness of this massive bibliography arranged under the headings of novels, novelettes and short stories, poems, plays, essays on education, democracy, religion, literature and art, travel and descriptive sketches and so on. Its comprehensiveness asks that it should be published in England where it might at least be on the shelves of all reference libraries for the instruction of a new generation and to fortify the memories of those who were young, impressionable and awed when Lawrence died.

From a street in Cumberland

It would be unfair not to pay tribute to Lawrence as a nature poet (his disciples often forget this) one of the truest among his contemporaries because more than most he had the naturalist's eye. Which brings us to the contemplation of ROCK FACE, Norman Nicholson's new book of poems (*Faber & Faber.* 7s. 6d.). His images of Cumberland hills and dales are so increasingly impressing themselves on his readers' senses that his "dark brogs of broom", his hydrangeas blowing "their blue-white bubbles", his

"lilac cloud-wrack of an arctic spring", his cormorants curling "black question-marks above the threshold of the sea", are beginning to be seen in a recognizable landscape. Furthermore, he is developing a gift for hewing portraits, in "Cowper" for instance or in "For Emily Brontë", which comes near to the medallion-cast or rock carving poetry that Sidney Keyes used so wonderfully in his sonnet on Wordsworth. And time is Mr. Nicholson's ally.

Vox populi

Shelley's essay "A Defence of Poetry" and his "Letter to Lord Ellenborough" denouncing the sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment and an hour in the pillory, passed on Daniel Eaton in 1812 for publishing Part III of Paine's *Age of Reason*, are reprinted in pamphlet form by *The Porcupine Press* (2s. 6d.). Much of what Shelley said on the mind of poets and the making of poetry is still good debating material. He made large claims outside the immediate practice of the art—that poets "are the institutors of laws and the founders of civil society, and the inventors of the arts of life, the teachers. . . ."; in short, that they are men apart, benevolent but despots.—In his Introduction to *THE GREENWOOD ANTHOLOGY* compiled by him (*Frederick Muller.* 7s. 6d.) Herbert Palmer goes the democratic way, urging that his collection might be regarded "as an anthology of the People, the Voice of the People" and thinks he has discovered "poetry which is living speech." As the judge of the Greenwood Poetry Prize competition organized by the Poetry Society, Mr. Palmer sifted from the 1,000-odd entries some seventy which have gone to the making of this book. Many of their authors are or were in the Forces and with names as yet unknown; a few, like the two Gibsons, Wilfrid and Douglas, have had time or are about to establish themselves. "Something, emotional, musical, and lyrical", as Mr. Palmer says, is in these pages.

GRACE BANYARD.

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Then and now

THE ADELPHI was founded in 1923 by John Middleton Murry. D. H. Lawrence, H. M. Tomlinson, J. W. N. Sullivan, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Frank Swinnerton and H. J. Laski were among the contributors to the first issue.

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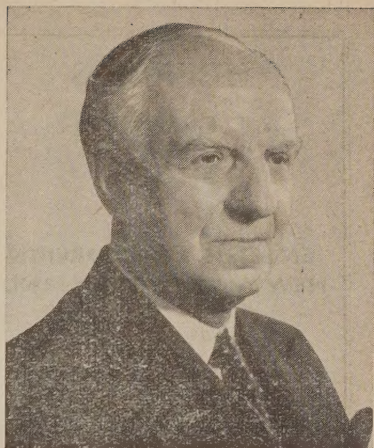
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John Mayow

Air is necessary both to keep a fire alight and to maintain life. Though this important fact has been known for thousands of years, it was an English chemist and physician, John Mayow, who first proved by practical experiments that only a part of air supports life

and that there is a great similarity between breathing and burning. This part of the air, which we know now to be oxygen, Mayow called the "nitro-aerial spirit". He kept a mouse in a jar of air closed by a bladder and observed that the bladder bulged inwards probably with the contraction of the air inside as the mouse used up the oxygen. He also observed that a mouse alone in a closed jar lived twice as long as a mouse kept in a jar together with a burning lamp, showing that both mouse and lamp were using up the same part of the air.

Though Mayow produced some remarkably shrewd theories on chemical affinity and was one of the first chemists to explain how nitric acid is produced by the action of sulphuric acid on nitre, his reputation rests on his work as a practical experimenter. He was born in London in 1643 and entered Wadham College, Oxford, in 1658. He died at Bath at the early age of thirty-five, a few months after his election to the Fellowship of the Royal Society. John Mayow, English physician, was one of several chemists who helped to solve the riddle of combustion—one of the most fundamental reactions in chemistry.

